THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Weekend Review

Vol. XLIII. No. 1096 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1952 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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The Lengthened Shadow of France

SOME insular know-alls talk as if all that is wrong with France to-day is that French people are bad at paying their income tax. But when the economic and political fabric of a great and potentially self-supporting nation, by tradition the source and guardian of European culture, appears to be grievously imperilled, we must look for more fundamental reasons. The present troubles which beset the Fourth Republic stem from two main causes. The first is the inability of successive Third Force governments to take drastic action against economic injustice. The Cadillacs on the Quai de la Tournelle—mostly not the property of dollar-wealthy tourists—and the black marketers in the Boulevards have a direct relevance to the increasingly harsh conditions of the French middle and working class. Few people in France view with anything but cynical pessimism the obligation of governments to deal with the problems that really matter, the cost of living, bad housing and the appalling inequalities of French society.

In spite of the great practical difficulties inherent in the Constitution, the Socialists must bear a great part of the blame for this. The French Socialist Party, not so long ago the standard bearer of the non-Communist Left in Europe, has decayed into an insignificant congeries of intellectuals and theorists, divorced from the more powerful trade unions and exercising such influence as it can by "smart-aleck" manoeuvres in the ante-rooms of the Elysée Palace. It has long ceased to draw its strength from the workers of France or to fight their battle against exploitation and poverty. Thus the leadership of the working class has, inevitably, passed by default to the Communists.

The other great source of France's trouble is the sterile and unnecessary war in Indo-China. This tragic adventure began at the time when a Labour Government in Britain was assisting the Indonesians to throw off the yoke of Dutch colonialism and beginning to plan the independence of India and Burma. French colonial interests were unwilling to abandon their privilege and wealth, and no metropolitan Government had the vision or courage to make them. The result was, instead of a new and more fruitful relation between the peoples of France and Indo-China, a colonial war which has drained the wealth and man-power of France, stirred up bitterness which may never die down, and imperilled French democracy. In the last few weeks, sheer inability to sustain the burden seems finally to have convinced most sections of French opinion that there can be no successful outcome to the war and that the commitment must be liquidated on the best terms possible. But the lesson has been learned too late. For the war against the Viet Minh has now become part of U.S. global strategy against Communism; and France is expected to play her part as an obedient ally. She must continue in this hopeless enterprise until she is physically bankrupt, morally defeated and wholly dependent on American favours, or risk the consequences of punitive action by the U.S. at a time when she is threatened by a resurgent Germany and in desperate need of dollars.

The lesson is one which the British Labour Party must note. If political Socialism becomes separated from the interests of the workers, either at home or overseas, it is on the road to ruin. The record of the Labour Party has been, on the whole, a good one; and that is the reason for Britain's comparative strength to-day. But in the last stages of its term of office the Labour Government began to compromise its principles. More dependent on U.S. economic aid than it need have been with more resolute policies, it was gradually sucked into the American crusade against the social revolution in Asia. Now that a Tory Government is in power, bent on intensifying this policy, the Labour leaders find difficulty in opposing it.

The danger to Britain is, in kind if not in urgency, the same as the danger to France. British economic strength, British independence, and British democracy itself, are all imperilled by subservience to policies which are the antithesis of Socialism and must ultimately lead to bankruptcy and war. Labour leadership must seek to regain its contact with the workers. Without them it can have no strength, indeed no purpose. It must also affirm, once and for all, that its task is to help the workers of other countries in the struggle for their freedom. At present, it is half committed to a war of counter-revolution.

Mr. Butler's B-Day

The form of the Civil Estimates, published last week, renders it impossible to make any sure deduction about the incidence in the forthcoming Budget of taxation changes or particular reductions of Government expenditure. Even speculation about specific items, such as the cut in the Ministry of Food estimate or the apparent absence of any provision for increased family allowances and pensions, must at this stage be discounted. It is normal for present-day Chancellors to estimate for important Budget changes by way of Supplementary Estimates presented after the Budget. What may be noted is the exposure of the Conservative claim that there was gross administrative extravagance under the previous Government. As Mr. Gaitskell pointed out last week-end, the saving of £235m. on the Civil Estimates is more than accounted for by de-stocking and other economies which bear no relation to administrative competence.

It is clear that Mr. Butler will find himself at the end of the current year with an "above the line" surplus considerably larger than the estimate; and it is a fair guess from the revenue trends that his surplus at the end of the next financial year would be automatically substantial, without new taxation or reduction in Government expenditure. Thus, arithmetically, he has no great problem. But, once economic planning is no longer the prerogative of the banks, a Chancellor has more than arithmetical problems. Mr. Butler's emergency measures to deal with the external deficit by cutting imports and seeking to increase exports must create an internal inflationary gap. This may well amount to something like £750m. How is he to close it? De-stocking is one expedient already announced. So is the close limitation on fixed investment. But both these, apart from other objections, are of limited practicability. If they were combined with a reduction of, say, £250m. in Government expenditure on arms, the Chancellor would be within sight of solving his problem. Failing that, Mr. Butler will have to make a case for a further contraction of domestic purchasing power. If he does, Socialists will insist that his objective is achieved by increased direct taxation coupled with extended rationing, and not by measures which, through taxation of necessities or reduction of the social services, rig the cost of living still further against working-class families.

Central African Federation

The Labour Party did well to force a division, this week, on the question of plans for the federation of the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland. The recent talks in London between the Colonial Secretary and the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, coupled with the decision to advance from July to April the round-table conference which was arranged at Victoria Falls, had aroused deep and dangerous suspicions throughout Black Africa. It was therefore important that Labour should make it clear—particularly in view of the occasionally equivocal attitude of the Party while in power—that it would offer the strongest resistance to "railroading" federation through, in the interests of White settlers.

The debate had the result of securing from Mr. Oliver Lyttelton an assurance that the April conference would be confined to the task of drafting constitutional proposals, including the safeguards for Native interests. The sooner this was done, Mr. Lyttelton argued, the better; but there would be no question of the constitution's being ratified until it had been discussed in July at a second conference, at which the Governments concerned would take part. So far, so good; but, as Miss Margery Perham has rightly emphasised in a letter to *The Times*, the value of constitutional "safeguards" must be viewed in the light of the lesson which history teaches, that no British Government can retain any effective control over Native affairs once the substance of power has been transferred to the White community. The Colonial Secretary expressed the hope that the April conference would be attended both by the African Representative Council and the African Protectorate Council, but neither body has yet accepted the invitation.

A New Broom in Egypt

The causes of the change of Government in Cairo seem relevant to the internal situation rather than to the course of the negotiations in prospect with the British Ambassador. Hilaly Pasha, chosen by the King as Premier in succession to Aly Maher, was formerly a member of the Wafd, and regarded as leader of the wing of the party pledged to purge the country of corruption and the intrigues of the Old Gang. His expulsion from the Wafd last December followed charges which he made in court against Fuad Serag ed Din, former Minister of the Interior, alleging that he was responsible for the illegal tapping of telephone wires. It seems possible that King Farouk doubted the capacity of Aly Maher to take a tough enough line against those implicated in the January 26 rioting, or to carry through a general "clean up." Being unwilling to turn again to Nahas Pasha, he may have thought that the best "strong man" would be this ex-Wafdist "progressive"; the formula of "poacher turned gamekeeper" has worked before. By suspending Parliament for a month, Hilaly Pasha has taken a step which suggests that he is less concerned than Aly Maher to carry with him the support of the whole Wafd in his talks with the British; but there is nothing to suggest that he will be more ready than his predecessor to compromise either over the unity of the Nile Valley or the demands for a short time-limit to British occupation.

Burmese Neutrality

In informing the U.S. Government that Mutual Security Aid would not be acceptable in its entirety, the Burmese Government, consistently neutral, raised a point of great importance for the future. The Burmese will continue to receive economic assistance when E.C.A. is transformed into M.S.A., next June, but not military assistance. The only "string" is Burma's simple reaffirmation of "its abidance by the principles of the United Nations Charter, in promoting international understanding and good will and maintaining world peace and eliminating causes of tension." This is, potentially at any rate, very different from the agreements to which other countries, including all members of N.A.T.O., are pledged—to fulfil military obligations to which the U.S. is a party, to contribute in man-power and economic resources to the defensive strength of the free world, and to take appropriate steps to ensure the effective utilisation of the economic and military assistance provided by the U.S. While preserving her neutrality, Burma will be able to continue the considerable projects started with the assistance of 16 million dollars from E.C.A.; they include a variety of medical, agricultural and technical schemes essential for the rehabilitation of this, the most war-devastated country in Asia. The Burmese Foreign Minister, announcing this agreement, observed that Burma had opposed the U.N. declaration that Communist China was an "aggressor" in Korea, and was even now fighting to prevent Chinese Nationalist troops from infiltrating into Burmese territory. So how could M.S.A. compel Burma to connive at any possible foreign aid to the Kuomintang troops? A sound line, and a hint to the Americans alleged to be operating in guns and opium with Bangkok as their H.Q. for traffic with Li Mi.

NEXT WEEK—MARCH 15

SPRING BOOKS

V. S. Pritchett on Norman Douglas. A new long poem by Louis MacNeice. Selected list of Spring Books and many additional pages of book reviews.

Film Censorship

Film censorship has never been popular. In fact, Parliament has never accepted it in principle, and it is still nominally a matter for local authorities who have added censorship clauses to the licences they issue under an Act of 1909. But this Act was to make "better provision for securing safety" and it has applied only to inflammable films. In this way, thousands of film societies, clubs and other non-commercial exhibitors, who use the "non-flam" 16mm. film, have been exempt from control and censorship. Now that loophole is to be closed, unless the Government can be persuaded to amend the new Cinematograph Bill which had its second Reading in the House of Lords last week. The Bill has followed a private report to the Home Office from the Magistrates' Association, which pointed out that the need to-day was not to ensure physical safety—"Non-flam" is used in commercial cinemas now—but "to safeguard morals."

There are two aspects of the Bill which 16mm. users find particularly distasteful. It extends the 1909 Act in a way which would enable local authorities to refuse permission for a film society showing unless certain safety provisions are met—and this seems scarcely necessary in view of the excellent safety record of 16mm. And the exemptions which were written into the Bill are quite inadequate to guarantee the independence of 16mm. users. An exhibition is to be exempt if it is private or free—an ambiguous definition which does not deal with the problem of "guest" tickets—or if it is given by an organisation which has a "non-profit" certificate of exemption from Entertainments Tax. But this clause would make the liability to censorship

dependent, not on the Cinematograph Act, but on the Finance Act of 1946. At present, such exemptions are given to organisations which have a charitable purpose or are "partly educational." It would be open to future Chancellors arbitrarily to change that definition. It may be possible to secure amendments to these clauses when the Bill comes before the House of Commons, and we are glad to see that the National Council of Civil Liberties has convened a conference on March 8, at the Memorial Hall, at which users of 16 mm. film can work out a common policy to defend themselves and their audiences from this renewed attempt—the last was in 1934—to impose a censorship that could be crippling.

PARIS

Austerity or Fascism?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: It is still too early to say how the French Cabinet crisis, brought on by the refusal of the Right and a large part of the Radicals to approve M. Faure's steep increase in taxation, is going to be solved. The factor which has done more than anything else to bring about a state of near-bankruptcy—the war in Indo-China—is not a problem that can be settled overnight; the urgent problem is to find a Government which will deal with the immediate threat to the whole financial fabric of France.

M. Paul Reynaud attempted during the week-end to form a "National Government" which was, in fact, his way of letting the Gaullists in by the back door. The Socialists refused to have anything to do with it. What other Government majority is there, then? There are three possibilities—a Right-and-Centre Government (Pinay formula), relying on Gaullist support, with the risk of becoming a prisoner of the "General"; a Right-and-Centre Government (like the last Pleven Government), relying on Socialist support, with the complication that, in matters of finance, the Socialists and the Right have diametrically opposite views; and, finally, a Government based on a Socialist-Centre coalition, which, so far, has been attempted in vain.

Perhaps the most significant thing to have happened in the last few days is the increasingly frequent mention of M. Mendès-France's name. He is nominally, a Radical, but in reality he is a sort of French Cripps—a man who, soon after the Liberation, advocated a stern austerity policy, and a drastic financial policy which would have made the French franc as "respectable" as the Belgian franc. He was overruled, and forced to resign, by M. Pleven.

Mendès-France's medicine would be a bitter one for both the Right and the Left to swallow, and it is doubtful whether the situation is considered sufficiently catastrophic for Mendès-France to be accepted. Drastic cuts, austerity, severe measures of State control, and a clear-cut decision to end the war in Indo-China—this would be a lot to swallow all at once. And there is no certainty that a large part of the "classical" Right might not consider the gradual "integration" of de Gaulle in the Government as a lesser evil. His programme, which provides for *both* a Grand Army (shades of Napoleon!) and the pursuit of a policy of prestige in Indo-China, is thoroughly unrealistic both internationally and in terms of finance. But Gaullism, to the conservative and reactionary mind, opens up all kinds of other happy possibilities, some of them not unattractive to the peasantry, who have always been the privileged class under Bonapartes and Pétains. Perhaps the most disturbing development of the last few days was the readiness with which *all* the parliamentary parties, except the Socialists (and, of course, the Communists, who weren't asked) responded to M. Reynaud's appeal to form a "National Government" together with the Gaullists.

One explanation, by certain M.R.P. members, hostile to de Gaulle, is that it would be "even worse" to become the prisoners of the "classical" Right; they do not even have the Gaullist virtue of a certain national independence *vis-à-vis* the United States. But it is a dangerous game.

M. Pinay—quite unknown to the general public—is an ultra-Conservative, largely representing middle-class and peasant interests; and although he has thundered impressively about the measures he would take against tax evasion and in favour of controlling prices, it is hard to imagine him keeping down agricultural prices or, still less, making the French peasantry pay income tax. As *Combat* puts it, "technical" solutions are all very well on paper; but before long they all come up against "political" snags, domestic and external—like Indo-China, U.S. pressure and the rearmament bill. On both these issues M. Pinay's own political colleagues have no cut-and-dried policy, and in both these matters the French State would no doubt like to do a little "evasion" itself.

WESTMINSTER

A Disappointing Honeymoon

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: There is one feature of Lord Waverley's appointment as Chairman of the Royal Commission on the Taxations of Profits and Income which does not seem to have been publicly admitted, though both Mr. Jay and Mr. Gaitskell hinted in questions to the Prime Minister this week that they were aware of it. I hear on good authority that the change in the Commission's terms of reference—which now, by implication, prejudge the question whether the rates of income and profits tax are excessively high—was made at Lord Waverley's express desire, if not as the condition of his appointment. If this story is true, Mr. Churchill's characteristically angry outburst in defence of the appointment will strike most people as not very convincing. The Opposition's criticism implied nothing against Lord Waverley's distinction or integrity. His great experience as a public servant might, indeed, have enabled him to put out of mind for purposes of the Commission the highly partisan views he has so often expressed on economic and fiscal matters. But these views, coupled with the amended terms of reference, surely justified the Labour front bench in concluding that he was wholly unacceptable as an palpably impartial Chairman.

Another significant story is circulating in Whitehall about Mr. Macmillan's muddle over his assurance that the new housing subsidy would fully cover the increased costs caused to Local Authorities by the new interest rates. *Hansard* shows that he was criticised at the time for revealing a decision of such far-reaching importance in answer to a supplementary question. Behind the scenes, apparently, other and sharper criticisms were expressed, notably by Mr. Butler, who had not approved the announcement and was not prepared to endorse a concession so costly and, on the face of it, so much at variance with current Treasury policy. Subsequently, when the details of the new subsidy were announced, it became obvious that Mr. Macmillan had abandoned this assurance. Regardless of the Minister's embarrassment, Mr. Butler seems to have put his foot down. There is confirmatory evidence of this. Writing to an M.P. seven days *after* Mr. Macmillan's first answer, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury stated ". . . as regards the effect of the change in interest rates upon housing finance, the increases . . . are being taken into account in the negotiations upon the housing subsidy now in progress."

It should not be assumed that this matter and Tory back-bench criticism of the Health Service Bill are alone responsible for the postponement of the Budget. But all these things taken together do indicate a degree of indecision and hesitancy surprising in so new a Government. Further clashes are to be expected between Mr. Butler and some of his colleagues, who are more concerned with securing the marginal seats than a conscientious Chancellor can afford to be. There appears, too, to be some unease in responsible quarters about the general working of the Cabinet machine. Very senior civil servants, the majority of whom must have privately welcomed the return of a Tory Government, are disappointed at the lack of background knowledge of a number of individual Ministers, and more so at the reversion to Mr Churchill's traditionally erratic method of transacting Cabinet business. The consequences of this—difficulty in obtaining firm decisions, failure to co-ordinate the policies of rival departments—showed up less in wartime when the Government of the day was sheltered by the exigencies of national unity from a good deal of well-merited criticism. To-day, the Opposition cannot be expected to pull its punches. The arrears of Government business which have already accumulated in the Commons are evidence of administrative weakness and have considerably tarnished the glamour of a Government which ought by precedent to be still on its honeymoon.

WASHINGTON

Before Maine, New Hampshire

A Correspondent writes: "As Maine goes," ran the old political saw, "so goes the nation": the Maine voters go to the poll earlier than those in the other States, and the prophets once eagerly scanned the relative turnover of votes for auguries of the final November result. This year, however, the New Hampshire electorate has stolen the limelight. With the exception of Governor Stevenson, not yet an avowed candidate, and Senator Russell, who has now come forward as the choice of the Southern Democrats, all the important starters in the presidential stakes will go to the post in next Tuesday's New Hampshire primary. There will, no doubt, be a relatively high poll, but there are so many runners that the result may be confusing. Stassen and MacArthur can probably be written off. Taft and Kefauver have little to lose. If they make any showing at all, they can claim tactical successes against Eisenhower and Truman respectively, for both the General and the President could suffer setbacks if they do not manage to top their own party polls. Yet, in the N.H. primary, it is normally the farmers and the small-town voters who turn out in the greater numbers, and these are the groups in which both Eisenhower and Truman are relatively weakest. To do well, each must poll out independent and city electors who customarily ignore primary contests. A failure here would not make very much difference to the President, who has now promised an early declaration of his intentions, but if the Eisenhower ticket slumps badly, then the General must decide whether to slide out of the contest or to return to the U.S. and make a real fight in person for the nomination. Even if he does well, he still cannot dally too much longer in Europe: his organised support in such key States as New Jersey and Pennsylvania is already beginning to drift towards Taft.

A Crisis of Confidence

THE Parliamentary fiasco in the debate on Mr. Churchill's American visit has precipitated a crisis of confidence within the Labour Movement; or rather, it has brought to a head the discontent which has been simmering below the surface in Parliament in the constituency parties and in the trade union movement ever since the resignation of Aneurin Bevan and his colleagues. Handled wisely and courageously, this crisis in the Party can be made the starting point for driving the Government out of office and inaugurating the second stage of Socialism. If it is mishandled, or merely suppressed, it can split the Labour Movement and win the next election for the Tories.

The first requisite is a candid admission of some awkward facts. The Parliamentary Labour Party is now being led from the back benches because the official leadership, owing to commitments entered into during the last five months of the Labour Government, cannot lead effectively. They are fighting the Tories with one hand tied behind their backs. Even if Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell wanted to, they could not respond to the demands of their supporters without exposing themselves to charges of self-contradiction. Until a new policy begins to be formulated by the Labour Party Conference at Morecambe next September, the Parliamentary situation is bound to remain embarrassing. It will take all Mr. Attlee's considerable powers of conciliatory chairmanship and all Mr. Bevan's caution—a quality he possesses in much greater measure than his enemies believe—to enable the Labour Party to get back to the full Socialist policy for which it stands, without compelling some of its outstanding personalities to eat too many of their words in public.

This internal realignment of the Party in the Commons, however, is only the least of the difficulties which confront the Labour Movement. Ever since the Bevanite victory at the Scarborough Conference last October, the gap between the policies of the official leadership and the mood of the rank-and-file Party workers has been steadily widening. Bevanism is no longer a Left-wing heresy; it is the prevailing current of opinion throughout the constituency parties. Even those who disliked the manner and the timing of Mr. Bevan's resignation now recognise that his diagnosis of the economic situation and his warnings about the effect of breakneck rearmament have been broadly confirmed by events and must therefore provide the basis for future Socialist policy. Those who still, for reasons of *amour propre*, deny this, are driven either into a tacit coalition with the Tories in imposing the sacrifices required by the Defence programme, or into the palpable dishonesty of supporting Mr. Churchill's plans while opposing Mr. Butler's cuts. In either case, the longer they resist the inevitable, the more they alienate the sympathies of the rank and file.

This crisis of confidence in the Labour Party would not be so grave if it were not for an even more acute crisis of confidence—analysed by Professor Cole on a later page—inside the trade unions. Long ago, when the Attlee Government was still able to rely on the loyal self-restraint of organised labour, there were obvious signs that Mr. Deakin and some of his colleagues on the T.U.C. were losing the support of their most active members. But, instead of seeking to regain that support by active leadership, they were content to denounce the militants as Communist stooges and to rely on the passive acquiescence of a block vote, composed of those trade unionists who do not trouble to attend branch meetings. So long as Labour was in office, bad relations between trade union leaders and militant trade unionists were comparatively unimportant. But now, with a Tory Government in office, with the ominous reappearance of unemployment and with the threat of cuts in working-class living standards, it is beginning to produce its inevitable and perilous consequences. Many South Wales miners, in defiance of an agreement signed by their leaders, have stopped Saturday work as a protest against the National Health Bill. In Sheffield and the Midlands, an unofficial shop stewards' movement is already busily organising unauthorised strike action against the threat of redundancy. In both cases local Communists, quick to seize an opportunity to discredit "reactionary Right-wing leadership," are inevitably taking the lead.

So far, the official reaction to this recrudescence of rank-and-file militancy is a pontifical negative. Forgetful of their own youthful excesses (nearly all of them, on the way to their present high positions, went through a phase of revolutionary fervour or, at least, of revolutionary phrases), they are content to lecture the militants on the constitutional proprieties and to wave the Red bogy in their faces. So far, neither Sir Vincent Tewson nor Mr. Deakin has bothered to suggest what action they themselves are ready to recommend in order to defend working-class living standards; and some at least of their utterances leave the impression that they can see no difference in principle between trade union collaboration with a Labour and with a Tory Government.

This kind of leadership can only have one result. It strengthens Communist influence among the rank and file; it increases the risk of wildcat industrial action, inspired by vaguely syndicalist ideas; and it drives a wedge between the militant minority and the non-political majority of trade unionists. What happens when this wedge is driven deep enough we have already seen in Australia and New Zealand. A "Red" strike breaks out; the Tory Government joyfully adopts stern counter-measures and the Labour Party is disastrously split from top to bottom.

The first objective must be to prevent a repetition over here of the Australian and New Zealand experiences. The only thing which could sustain the present Government for its full five years is an open conflict between rank-and-file militants and the machine. Yet the Labour Movement will drift inevitably into this kind of conflict unless the leadership can pull itself together and satisfy the universal demand for determined action in defence of working-class interests. It is no use saying that such action is impossible until a new policy has been worked out, upon which both sides of the Movement and the Left and Right of the Party can all agree. The reverse is true. Unity on policy can be achieved far more easily through unity in action; and irresponsible militancy can be prevented only if the pent-up energy and discontent is canalised into legitimate political channels.

What might those channels be? Labour is fortunate that, during April and May of this year, elections for County Councils, District Councils, Municipal Councils as well as the triennial L.C.C. elections are to be held. In November, 1947, the Tories seized their opportunity to organise a national protest against Labour austerity. By winning a sweeping victory in those local elections, they undermined the Labour Government's confidence that it had the nation on its side, and largely destroyed its dynamic. The Labour Movement has the chance this year of repaying them in kind. The unseating of Tory Councillors in marginal constituencies; the achievement of really big advances in rural areas, where Labour is now unrepresented, the piling up of a vote of confidence in Labour Councils; all this could be achieved if the Labour leaders gave the word and for the first time systematically organised assistance from Labour Parties in safe areas to the marginal constituencies where it is really needed. The militants are demanding strike action, because they are losing faith in their elected leaders and in constitutional procedures. That faith could very quickly be restored by a demonstration that political action is both possible and effective. Two months of active campaigning up and down the country, followed by a decisive victory at the polls, would put the leadership in touch with the realities of the situation outside Westminster and blow away a great many resentments and suspicions. It would also put the Labour Movement in the right frame of mind for formulating a new and radical Socialist policy on which all sections could agree.

The Forty Nights of M. Faure

THE Edgar Faure Government lasted only 39 days; but it will be remembered as the Government of Lisbon, or Hao-Binh, and of the Franc Panic of February, '52. On the night of the the Government's fall, somebody unkindly enumerated these three disasters. M. Faure, who has a neat sense of humour—and perhaps also a touching faith in the eternity of French parliamentary institutions and of his own career—remarked: "Well, after all, Daladier has lived down many worse things . . . ." It was Daladier, indeed, who was chiefly responsible for the fall of the Faure Government; he got 28 Radicals (a party to which the Premier himself belongs) to join the Gaullists, Communists, and some 40 members of the "classical" Right in their vote against the 15 per cent. increase in taxation which the Government was demanding in order to avert an immediate financial crisis and to meet, at least to some extent, the soaring expenditure on rearmament and the disastrous war in Indo-China.

The absurdity of the parliamentary situation

is best illustrated by the fact that, only a few hours before, many of the same people who now refused to increase the revenue had voted for a heavily increased military expenditure.

It is easy enough for the press abroad to jeer at this governmental instability in France, and pro-Gaullist newspapers here have, needless to say, lapped up this jeering with relish. Only a few timid voices in Paris have ventured to remark that the present financial troubles are not, after all, peculiar to France, but are part and parcel of the whole present European set-up. The French habit of hoarding gold and dollars is only a symptom of the malady. The real cause of the financial crisis is that France is living far beyond her means. She cannot afford, simultaneously, her programme (even heavily cut) of capital investment and reconstruction, large rearmament and a war in Indo-China, into which, in the past few years, something like £2,000 millions have been sunk.

A few minutes before the Assembly vote which overthrew his Government, M. Faure had stated emphatically that Indo-China was the real heart of the French problem, both in a financial and in a military sense. As long as France was alone in conducting this war, and almost alone in paying for it, as long as the *cadres* of at least six divisions were out there, there could be no adequate French army in Europe, and no stable franc. At Lisbon, he said, he had "asked emphatically whether, yes or no, Indo-China was included in the common defence strategy?" He had received no answer; and one of the tragic implications of his speech was that Germany was, as a result, going quickly to acquire a dominant position in Europe.

The day after the Government fell it was found that there was no money left in the kitty, and a hasty advance of 25 milliard francs had to be secured from the Bank of France for current expenses—repayable in three weeks. M. Baumgartner, Governor of the Bank, had refused to raise the legal limit of the note circulation; but he consented to this advance against Treasury Bonds, accompanying his concession with a sermon on the disastrous state of the French Budget. How, if at all, the money will be "refunded" by March 20, remains a mystery for the present; and the pessimists have, of course, been crowing that France has "entered the high road of inflation."

As Faure rightly said, Indo-China is right in the centre of the problem. For three years far-sighted Frenchmen like M. Mendès-France, who spoke of the incompatibility of this war with France's authority in Europe, have been treated as cranks or as secret Communists. First the war was waged in the name of French prestige; then, even after big French capitalists like the Banque d'Indochine had given it up as a bad investment, it was waged as a missionary war "against world Communism," as a kind of pendant to the sacred war in Korea. The Bao Dai experiment was tried out without success. An attempt was made to get the Americans financially and militarily interested; but they were interested only in so far as France went on carrying the baby. The truth is that, for years, Pleven, Bidault and the rest had used Indo-China as a means of keeping in Uncle Sam's good books, always hoping to get more dollars, and perhaps also soldiers, airmen and equipment.

To-day nearly everybody has become a "Mendès-France." The withdrawal last week from Hoa-Binh (described at the time of its capture by the French last November as "the key to Vietminh's whole system of communications") was not only an important political move, but also, as now appears, a serious military setback for the French, who seem to have lost at least three battalions in the process of this retreat. The capture of Hoa-Binh was, it is now learned, undertaken against the better judgment of General de Lattre, and at the insistence of M. Letourneau, Minister for Indo-China, who also wanted to "impress Washington" at a time when the U.S. was feeding the French on vague promises of "aid to Indo-China." This aid amounted to so little that the French found, after three agonising months which cost them heavy casualties, that they could no longer hold Hoa-Binh. Vietminh troops, now better armed than before, were penetrating more and more frequently into the delta-land round Hanoi, now no longer adequately defended; the road to Hoa-Binh was a constant death-trap; and the "prestige operation" had to be abandoned. And M. Letourneau has now been saying strange and shocking things. "Of course the evacuation of the Expeditionary Force is our ultimate aim. . . Of course, we are willing to negotiate with Vietminh, but we're damned if we'll take the first step. . ." And more to this effect.

The prevalent expert view in France is that Vietminh, despite its recent successes, is willing to negotiate, provided the French Government sends official, fully accredited negotiators. Vietminh is genuinely anxious to raise the living standard of its people, and to industrialise—which cannot be done to any extent while the war lasts. And in present conditions, according to reliable news, the end of the war need not be a shameful French surrender; M. Daladier's view, for instance, is that Vietminh may agree to much more reasonable terms from the French point of view than the Crusaders like to admit. Yet doubt remains. Was M. Letourneau trying to frighten Washington? Or had he finally become convinced that France could not go on with the war?

The next few weeks will show where we stand. M. Daladier, with his eyes glued on Germany, is wholly in favour of "calling it a day" in Vietnam. The greater part of parliamentary opinion has realised the effect of the Indo-China war on France's finances. But there are the Gaullists. These keep clamouring for the "internationalisation of the war" and for its pursuit to a "victorious end"—even though they must know that the U.S. will not intervene, and de Lattre died a disappointed man. Yet even last week de Gaulle himself still insisted that the war in Indo-China must go on. Perhaps he still hopes that, when there is a "strong" Government in France, the U.S. will change its mind about Indo-China, even if it does not change its mind over Germany, or over those atom-bomb bases in Morocco which France, according to de Gaulle, foolishly allowed the Americans to install without getting anything in return.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, March 2.

London Diary

THE Central Hall meeting last Tuesday night showed the vital importance of the Peace with China Council. Without such a body those who desire to end the war automatically split into two quarrelling camps. To protest, as we must, against war—especially as it is waged with napalm bombs on civilians in Korea—may give us some temporary emotional alleviation, but people concerned with the executive problem of ending the war know that it takes two to make a peace, and settlement is brought no nearer by ignoring the hard facts of world politics. They, on their side, too easily become engaged in defending United Nations or party formulas which may be as abortive as emotional pacifism. Fortunately, from Tuesday's meeting one vital and unifying point emerged: the negotiations at Panmunjon cannot be expected to succeed unless it is known that a peace settlement is to follow the truce. What interest have the Chinese in a truce if it is American policy to continue to build up Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa and to threaten to bomb, blast and blockade their country? Kenneth Younger, I thought, spoke too much from a U.N. Olympus, but he put the matter correctly when he said that it was vital for the Chinese to know that "the U.N. was not concerned to undo the Chinese revolution," and that to reach a truce it must be known that the rights of the Central People's Government to speak and negotiate for China would be recognised once the Korean aggression was ended. The inescapable price of a genuine settlement in the Far East, he said, is for Washington to open its eyes to the facts of revolution in Asia.

* * *

The Plaistow incident in which Mr. Bunn, victim of a free-for-all over disputed fares, got half his ear bitten off, was clearly exceptional; most Londoners, discussing the increased charges on buses, tubes, and suburban lines, were satisfied with biting comments. The public knew in advance that the 1½d. fares were to go, but it had been inadequately prepared for the sudden jump in some fares from 3d. to 5d., for the revision of stages (involving sometimes the doubling of the minimum) and, worst of all, the abolition of shift-workers' tickets. This means, in some cases, an increase of travelling costs from 7s. or 8s. to 12s. or more a week. Short of a radical scaling down of the interest still paid in perpetuity to past rentiers, the money has got to be found; so I dare say the revision of stages has got some logic in it. All the same, few people will feel satisfied that metropolitan transport charges are now incapable of emendation. For instance, why not a penny charge for short rides? And, to ease the situation for workers forced to rely on public transport, why not adopt the Paris system of *carnets*—books of section tickets sold at a discount *en bloc*? These would have the additional advantage of easing the strain on conductors in the rush hour, and might incidentally save money by giving dishonest customers less chance to travel without paying the fare.

* * *

I was exceedingly sorry to read of the death of Quo Tai-chi. We were close friends when he was Chinese Ambassador in England. He had been at school and college in the U.S.,

returning to China to be, at various times, Sun Yat-sen's secretary, a college President, and mayor of Shanghai. He was in England during the dark period when Britain and the Western world were still refusing China help against the Japanese invader. Gradually opinion changed and a great body of popular support was built up behind democratic China. Before he left Quo became a well-known figure and his farewell broadcast in April, 1941 did a great deal to endear him and his country to the British. I well remember his receiving a telegram from the Generalissimo summoning him back to China as Foreign Minister. I never recall a man accepting a high honour with so much reluctance. He knew that he was far too scrupulous and Westernised to survive among the politicians of Chungking, even if Chiang intended, as he did not, to cease being his own Foreign Minister. Churchill, who had formed a strong liking for Quo, presented him with an inscribed copy of his two-volume *Life* of Marlborough. Quo's departure was delayed for some weeks and Churchill, no doubt forgetting his former interview, again presented him with two inscribed volumes of the *Life* of Marlborough. Quo showed me the four volumes with a delighted chuckle. He had the satisfaction of making a preliminary agreement with Washington to end the "unequal treaties," and in Chungking he angered Chiang by breaking off relations overnight with Germany and Italy after Hitler invaded the U.S.S.R. His independence cost him his job. For the remainder of the war he lived in obscurity outside Chungking. I last saw him in Paris after the war, when he was chief Chinese delegate to the U.N. He was already a sick man physically and even more sick at heart. He had no illusions about Chungking, but he could not give up his lifelong link with the Kuomintang. Later he became Chinese Ambassador to Buenos Aires before he retired to California, where he died. Politically speaking his life and his abilities were largely wasted because Chiang had no use for a man of integrity and liberal views. Nothing could destroy the value of his friendship.

* * *

Two worthy researchers have produced, after years of toil, a *Survey of Awards and Punishments in Schools* (published by Newnes for the National Foundation for Educational Research). It is a formidable volume loaded with charts and statistics. Its chief discovery—would you believe it—is that the large majority of teachers prefer not to be deprived of the cane as a last resort. I could have guessed it; if I were a teacher and not a natural disciplinarian, faced with a far too large class, I too would probably vote for being able to use a cane, even though, like so many of the teachers, I should add that I seldom if ever, use it. A correspondent this week rightly points out that the real conclusion of the Report, not properly brought out, is that it is not very difficult, if we wished, to abolish corporal punishment in schools. The strange thing is that, when money is spent on an inquiry of this kind, it does not ask how teachers in Scandinavia and other Continental countries do manage without corporal punishment. Most preposterous, however, is that they give no definition of "effective" when they discuss the results of various kinds of punishment. Of course, the cane is "effective" if used severely enough; Squeers knew that. If, as seems from this Report, it is not generally one of the most "effective" punishments, that is no doubt because only a small minority of teachers are sadists. The question is not whether you can keep a class quiet with the cane, but what are the after-effects of caning. Some of them can be guessed by anybody who watches film posters, notices the books on display in every "rubber-goods" shop or takes the trouble to ask psychiatrists about the effect of whipping or scenes of whipping on the minds of scores of retarded or perverted patients. I already hear the furious snorts of innumerable Blimps telling me that it was flogging that made them the men they are. My answer is: ask their wives.

* * *

It has not been easy for the pundits to admit that Nye Bevan may have been right about the rearmament programme. But sometimes they have to face the facts. A year ago, for instance, the *Economist* headed its article on Nye Bevan's resignation "Vain Calculator" and went on:—

> . . . Mr. Bevan is prepared solemnly to declare that the £4,700 million programme for the next three years "is already dead." This assertion has no meaning, unless it is an expression of Mr. Bevan's wishes.

Now, I see, the Old Moores of Ryder Street think differently. It seems that

> . . . as an immediate expedient, rearmament must be cut for the sake of exports. There is no choice. . . . When the need is so pressing, economic solvency must rank before military security.

This outburst of neo-Bevanism is headed "Security Second." Like all new converts to a cause, the editorial writers of the *Economist* clearly feel that they must go faster than their teachers in what, last year, they called the "rush to pessimism."

* * *

One of the peculiar advantages of the British climate is that we have so many dramatic announcements of spring. In Moscow, for instance, there is the miraculous day when the population collects on the banks of the Moskva to watch the ice cracking and breaking and jostling downstream. To compare small things with great, I watched this year on a brilliant sunny Sunday morning a gay scene at the Whitestone Pond in Hampstead where children, standing out in the water in wading boots, were breaking off big lumps of ice and having fine fun sliding them under the frozen crust where it was still unbroken. The children in Moscow could not have enjoyed themselves more. And then in Britain we get occasional brilliant days when people nod to each other and say: "It feels like Spring," always to be met with the sage nodding of the head and the warning "we may still have snow yet" or "don't forget we have not yet had our March East winds." This cautious ritual is repeated every year. But that does not make the slightest difference to my actual pleasure in picking in my garden last Sunday not only winter jasmine (still out), winter aconites (beginning to blow over), snowdrops (at their best), red japonica (bursting), Christmas roses (late), cherry pie, crocuses, catkins and finally splendid, fat budding palm. CRITIC

FARES ARE FOUL

Scene. Charing Cross. A crowd of typical Elizabethan cockneys are waiting for the bus; with attendant Conductor and Inspector; among them Dame Quickly, Doll Tearsheet and Pistol.

P. Good-morrow, mistress! What? Is something up?

D. Marry it is. Bacon and butter's up,
And coal and meat and tea and cheese is up . . .

Q. My mite of cheese would not a mousetrap bait—
See, here's my ration—up my hollow tooth.

D. Then get yourself new teeth and save the cheese.

Q. Faith, I would need new spectacles to see it,
But spectacles are up and teeth are up—
A pox upon this rascal Government. (*The bus arrives*)

C. Let 'em orf first! No shoving! Keep the queue!

D. Queue, quotha? to the devil with your queue!
Let scurvy sheep keep line—give way, you rogue!

C. Have your fares ready, pray. Hold very tight!
Two pennies to Westminster, Dame; I thank you.

Q. Thank me no thanks! I will hold very tight—
One penny ha'penny, not a farthing more,
You saucy knave, and put me down at Millbank.

C. Fivepence to Millbank, not one penny less—
The stage was shortened when the fare was raised.

P. What, whoreson, do you say the fares are up?
Why, this is highway robbery indeed!
I do defy the London Transport Board.

C. Get down and walk, then.

P. Stinkard, hold your tongue!
You lily-livered cur, I'll shut your mouth.
(*The passengers sit on the Conductor's head. The Inspector boards*).

I. Release my colleague, or I call the watch.
The fares are up, and there's an end of it.

Q. Fair's fair. Fair shares. Fair fares, or none from me.
Here's a fine boon to start the gracious reign.

I. Truce to this gibble-gabble. Hear me speak.
The fares are fair, for London Transport's yours,
The Underground is yours, the Railway yours—
Bus fares are raised to pay the Railway's loss.

D. And who pays us, base varlet, tell me that?
Why, this is robbing Peter to pay Paul—
I will not stomach it.

I. Wench, have a care!
Rebellion is rank disloyalty.

P. Avaunt, abominable parasite.
(*A scuffle in which the Inspector's ear is bitten off*).

I. Help, help! I'll have you ruffians hanged for this.

P. Let's throw this ear through London Transport's windows.
And terrify the cringing cormorants.

Q. We'll seize the Chairman of the Transport Board
And chair him to a ducking in the Thames.

D. Then, after sousing this swagbelly thief
Let's set about the cutpurse Chancellor.
Come, 'prentices and housewives, let's away
And ammunition pile for Budget Day.
(*They disperse after burning the bus*).

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Before the war he also registered Scientific Automatics, Ltd., with the object of providing sun tan for visitors by means of infra-red treatment, so that despite the English summer people could go back and say what a wonderful time they had had at Ramsgate.—*East Kent Times*. (G. G. Thomas.)

Pay of 5s. an hour is suggested for nude models at Burton-on-Trent—to stop them "deserting to the factories."—*Daily Herald*. (Arthur J. Long.)

London Transport is to produce some gaily coloured tickets on Monday to offset the gloom of increased bus fares.—*Star*. (R. Schuelein.)

Labour in Opposition

WHEN, after six years in office, Labour became the Opposition, a whole series of quite new constitutional problems arose. Between 1939 and 1945 the status of the trade unions (and to a much smaller extent the Co-operative Societies) in relation to the State had already undergone a marked change; and between 1945 and 1951 this change went much further and was carried over from a war-time into a peace-time economy. It amounted, in effect, to the assumption by the trade unions—leaving the Co-operatives aside for the moment—of a share in the responsibility for the successful working of the economy, on condition of regular consultation and of the recognition of full employment as a continuing basis for public policy. During, as well as after, the war this meant in practice that trade union leaders discussed and negotiated mainly with Ministers who belonged to the same party as they did; for in the war-time Coalition the Labour Ministers were given most of the key positions on the home economic front. Thus, for more than ten years, the trade union leaders (and also the Co-operative leaders) got used to meeting at high level men who were sympathetic to their claims and fellow-members of a common political party; and in these circumstances they were usually able to get their followers to accept the policies they recommended, if not gladly, yet out of loyalty to "the Movement," of which most of the persons concerned were members. Even so, there were limits: the trade union leaders had to yield ground in the months of "wage-restraint," and Co-operators were always restive about purchase tax. But broadly the arrangement worked, on the assumption that all the participants had, in the last resort, common aims.

With a Conservative Government in power, this assumption ceases to hold. It cannot be taken for granted that the Conservatives will make the maintenance of full employment the keystone of their economic policy. Too many of them have been wailing for years past about the disastrous consequences of "over-full" employment. It cannot be taken for granted that the aim nearest their hearts is to carry on with the good work of levelling incomes, extending the range of welfare services, and regarding the working-class leaders as their indispensable confidential advisers on economic issues. Far from it. Even when the Conservatives do support welfare services and consult trade union or Co-operative leaders, they do these things for tactical reasons rather than *con amore*: nor can they be expected to forget that they are consulting political opponents who are looking forward to their future power. Therefore, collaboration can exist in any high degree only as long as it is enforced by the existence of a national emergency; and, even so, it cannot be cordial. The trade unions cannot be parts of a functioning machine of economic government, of which the political Government constitutes another part: they necessarily resume their position as forces external to the State, and much that has been written about their new status as agencies of the State becomes at once obsolete. Especially, it becomes at once a great deal harder for trade union leaders who, on grounds of national emergency, wish to continue collaboration with the Government to convince their followers, now that the argument for loyalty can no longer be used, or has to take the form of an argument for loyalty to nation rather than Government.

At the same time, the Labour Party, in passing from office to Opposition, undergoes a highly significant internal change. In office it is unavoidably first and foremost a parliamentary party, putting through a legislative programme and an administrative policy for which it has to answer to Parliament, save in the last resort, rather than to its non-parliamentary following. In Opposition, on the other hand, it becomes much more directly exposed to currents of opinion from outside Parliament; and the individual Labour M.P.s, set free from the overriding need to maintain the Government in power and prestige, are much more free and ready to express the attitudes and opinions of their active supporters in the constituencies and of the trade union or other groups to which they belong. The ex-Ministers remain tied in some degree to the companions they made while in office; but they lose the power to carry their followers with them—a power which they enjoyed as long as they could treat any revolt as disloyalty to the party's own Government. They have, therefore, continually to make concessions to party sentiment, instead of compelling the exponents of such sentiment to make concessions to them; and there arises a double pressure—on the ex-Ministers and on the trade union leaders who have been the interpreters of these ex-Ministers to their own rank and file.

For the time being, these forces are held in check by two strong restraints—by the balance of payments crisis and by the commitments of both the party and the trade union leadership to the anti-Communist crusade. Moreover, these two forces come together in the shape of a dependence on the U.S. both for financial help and for the means of fighting Communism on the world front. The trade union leaders, through the non-Communist Trade Union International, are even more deeply committed than the Labour Party to the Americans as leaders of a worldwide crusade against Communist influence; and this contributes to make them support rearmament as well. The Labour Party's commitment to the new Socialist International carries with it no direct implication of acceptance of American leadership; but in practice it works in the same direction by involving the party in the internecine conflicts of the Eupropean working class. These two binding considerations make it nearly impossible for the leadership of either the Labour Party or the Trades Union Congress to take any line that would mean a sharp break with the American trade unions, which, in the absence of an effective American Socialist Party, stand for American Labour in its political as well as in its economic aspect. The main body of British Labour supporters, however, takes hardly the mildest interest in either the Socialist International or the I.C.F.T.U. To the extent to which it reluctantly acquiesced in rearmament on an expanded scale, it did so out of loyalty to its leaders rather than with conviction; and though it is doubtless hostile to Communism, it is also strongly pacific and not disposed to a worldwide anti-Communist crusade.

It is now indisputable that rearmament on the scale promised a year ago is impracticable without a sharp fall in the British standard of living (or perhaps even with it), and that, far from making Great Britain stronger, it would make for weakness. The expanded rearmament plan has in fact been tacitly abandoned, to be replaced by the even more terrifying prospect of continuous, though slower, rearmament over an indefinite number of years. But even with rearmament slowed down, the crisis remains; and a falling standard of life is in prospect because of the sheer inability to buy enough imports to maintain it. This situation is partly a consequence of world rearmament, which has upset the terms of trade. But it is not exclusively so: it is also partly the outcome of a degeneration in Great Britain's world economic position that needs to be put right altogether apart from rearmament.

Before long, the British working class will begin to feel really seriously the effects of this situation. So far, it has had only a mild foretaste. How, when the real impact comes, will it react? The answer depends in part on the form in which the blow is delivered. It can come in several ways: through deflation and spreading unemployment and short time; through higher prices, not balanced by rising wages; through cuts in social services; and through taxation directly affecting working-class incomes. Mr. Gaitskell's budgeting last year seemed to imply its coming mainly through higher prices; Mr. Butler's looks like involving a simultaneous attack on several fronts. However it comes, it is most improbable that the rank and file of the trade unions will allow their leaders to accept it without a struggle, or that, in face of either mounting unemployment or declining real wages, the argument that "we must all make sacrifices" because of the double emergency will cut much ice. Indeed, the very doubleness of the argument will destroy its effect. If the Government could simply plead poverty as a reason for cutting the standard of life, its position would be much stronger than it can be when it has to justify rearmament at the same time and almost in the same breath—the more so because the fall in real wages will almost inevitably be accompanied in the rearmament industries by a further rise in profits. It is accordingly to be expected that there will be growing pressure inside the trade unions for a strong policy of resistance to cuts in real wages or to the acceptance of spreading unemployment; and this resistance will make for a parallel political pressure, not only for vigorous opposition to cuts in social services or subsidies, but also for a more aggressive home policy all along the line. The strength of Mr. Bevan's following in the Labour Party will grow *pari passu* with the development of the economic opposition inside the trade unions. It will become more and more difficult for trade union leaders to maintain even those policies of collaboration with the Government which are in the national interest—such as measures to increase productivity.

In effect, the partnership between the trade unions and the State which has existed and grown closer since 1940 is not really compatible with the tenure of office by a Government of the Right. A Right-wing Government is bound, sooner or later, to get into a situation in which it must either defeat the trade unions or give way to them in opposition to the views of its own supporters. Up to a point, it can temporise, but not for long when the economic conjunction is favourable enough to enable it to give with one hand without taking away with the other. The present situation allows no scope for this; nor is such scope likely to be available in the near future. Accordingly, the more the trade union and Labour leaders try to preserve the collaborative relation, the more will they risk losing their hold on their own followers, both politically and in the industrial field. A half-consciousness of this prospect lay behind the persistent rejection by the unions of all attempts to introduce a "national wages policy"; leaders, as well as active followers, felt the need to preserve the principle of trade union independence. The time for asserting this independence in practice is now arriving.

G. D. H. COLE

A New Hiss Trial?

(The attorneys for Alger Hiss have recently applied for a new trial of this extraordinary case. In view of the interest aroused by the two previous trials, we print this summary of the new evidence upon which the request for a further trial is based. It would, of course, be improper to comment on it at this stage.)

BEFORE Alger Hiss was sent to Lewisburg to serve his five-year prison sentence, he reaffirmed his innocence and claimed that one day it would be shown "how Whittaker Chambers carried out forgery by typewriter." In the brief now submitted to a Federal Court, an attempt is made for the first time to show how such a forgery could have been committed, and thus to dispose of the most damaging evidence against Hiss—the Woodstock typewriter $230,099.

The whole case really hinged upon this machine. Without corroborative evidence, it would have been useless for the prosecution to rely solely upon the detailed allegations of Whittaker Chambers that Hiss had been a member of a spy-ring in Washington. The law of perjury requires such evidence where only one witness can be found; and so the testimony of Chambers was supported by the "Pumpkin Papers"—some documents in the handwriting of Hiss and some apparently typed on a Woodstock once owned by the Hiss family. This machine, after much delving, was discovered by the defence lawyers and produced in court.

Throughout the long and intricate proceedings, two assumptions were tacitly accepted by both the prosecution and the defence. The first was that the "Pumpkin Papers" were in fact typed on the same machine as some personal letters admittedly written by Alger Hiss and his wife at the time (1937-8) when Chambers claimed Hiss was supplying him with secret Government papers. No one thought of challenging this assumption because it has always been accepted that each typewriter has peculiar characteristics which enable an expert to say positively whether or not a given sample was typed on that machine. There is, indeed, a "scientific" branch of detection which rests entirely on that assumption, and a Government expert was brought forward at the trial to testify that the same typing faults appeared in both the "Pumpkin Papers" and the original Hiss letters. The second assumption appeared even less open to challenge: there seemed no reason to doubt that the Woodstock discovered by the defence was in fact the original machine owned by the Hiss family. In neither of the first two trials did the defence find a way round these obstacles. They could only be explained away by implying that somehow Chambers had secured access to the Woodstock, and that was scarcely an argument to convince a jury to whom the Woodstock samples must have seemed as technically unassailable as fingerprints.

After the second trial and the conviction, the Hiss lawyers began to question both these assumptions, and most of this new brief is devoted to an account of their investigations. The tests by which experts decide whether two samples come from the same typewriter are designed to show that each contains a certain number of identical—and often microscopic—deviations. But suppose it were possible to adapt one machine to duplicate the errors of another? The question never seems to have arisen before.

The lawyers set out to see if this were possible. They gave a typewriter engineer samples of work done on the Woodstock and asked him to construct a machine which would duplicate them—without ever seeing the original machine. The difficult technical task accomplished, samples were taken from the new duplicate and submitted to a number of typewriting experts accustomed to detecting forgeries. Their affidavits, in the words of the brief, "demonstrate a technique of forgery which experts have heretofore considered impracticable." One expert, for instance, reported

> . . . that in her opinion the duplication had proceeded to a point where any document expert who, acting with reasonable care, applied the Feehan criteria [Feehan was the Government expert on this point] to specimens from the two machines . . . would reach the conclusion that a single machine had been used to type the two sets of samples.

This experiment, the brief claims, has already been carried far enough to prove that it was *possible* for Chambers to forge the documents if he could not have secured access to the original Woodstock. This, it is suggested, might have been done either in 1938 (the date of the "Pumpkin Papers") or in 1948, when Chambers required some evidence to protect himself in the libel suit brought by Hiss. The lawyers suggest, moreover, that the alleged forgery was more likely to have occurred in 1948, since the "Pumpkin Papers" were only produced by Chambers in the preliminaries of the libel case and were not mentioned by him in 1939, when he first made the allegations about the spy-ring to Adolf Berle, in 1945, when he talked to Raymond Murphy, or in August, 1948, when he first testified before the Un-American Activities Committee.

The lawyers next turned their attention to the Woodstock typewriter itself. First, they point out that it was unworkable in 1938, when the Hiss family gave it away, and in 1945, when it was found in the rain by the witness from whom it was eventually recovered. Next, no testimony was offered by the prosecution at the second trial to show that Woodstock $230,099 was the original Hiss machine: the identification was confined to the comparison of typing samples. Thirdly, a study of the authenticity of the Woodstock "produced results that are startling so far as they go." The Hiss machine was undoubtedly in the possession of the father of Priscilla Hiss as early as July 8, 1929: so far as the lawyers can discover from manufacturing and sales records, $230,099 would be the serial number of a machine manufactured after the date when the Hiss machine was already in family use. There also appears to be a discrepancy between the typeface style of the Hiss machine and the typeface of any Woodstock carrying a serial number in the region of $230,099. Finally, "the Government has interested itself in, and has since before the second trial had information about, another machine, bearing a different serial number. There is some indication that the Government has in fact found the machine for which it was searching." Each of these propositions is supported by a detailed account of the lawyers' investigations: these, it is conceded, are still incomplete, but the claim is made that enquiries have been hampered both by the lawyers' inability to subpoena witnesses and documents unless a new trial is granted, and by alleged pressure and surveillance by the F.B.I. The request for a new trial thus rests primarily on the allegation that the Woodstock machine found and produced by the defence "was in fact a carefully constructed substitute, which could only have been fabricated for the deliberate purpose of falsely incriminating Alger Hiss" and substituted in some way for the original.

Three other grounds for a new trial, however, are claimed in the same brief. Chambers asserted that his break with the spy-ring came a few days after April 1, 1938, the date on the last of the "Pumpkin Papers." Evidence is attached to this brief to show that, as far back as the beginning of March, 1938, Chambers was employed on translation work by a New York publisher, whom he had told that he "was in hiding from the Russian secret service." If this was in fact the case, it contradicts the most vital dates in the Chambers story. It would also account for a discrepancy between the dates Chambers gave at the second trial, and those he had given Berle, Murphy and the House Committee, to each of whom he had said that he broke with the Communist Party at the end of 1937. Secondly, the only other person who could be found to corroborate the Chambers' claim to a long and close relationship with the Hiss family was Edith Murray, said to have been a maid employed by Chambers at the time. Two affidavits are attached which deny that Chambers ever employed Edith Murray at the dates and in the houses cited in the second trial: thus, the lawyers suggest, it was clearly impossible for Edith Murray to have seen the Hisses when she said she saw them. Finally, there is the sworn testimony of Lee Pressman that Alger Hiss was not a member of the Communist "under-cover" group in Washington. Chambers named Pressman, Hiss and a number of others as members of this group, but until now all of the others have refused to testify lest they incriminate themselves. But Pressman has publicly broken with the C.P., admits his past membership, and corroborates the list given by Chambers, with the specific exclusion of Alger Hiss. [Against this, in the last week another ex-Communist, Nathaniel Weyl, has testified before a Senate committee that in 1934 he saw Alger Hiss at meetings of a C.P. cell in Washington.]

There are strange questions of fact and motive, raised by the two previous trials, which are unanswered by this brief. Unless the Federal Court—which has yet to consider the Government objections to the motion—grants a new trial, they are likely to remain unanswered. But for many people on both sides of the Atlantic, the facts of the Hiss case already surpass anything in detective fiction: without another trial the new theories will only deepen the mystery and the new theories set out here can only add to its complexity.

Solid or Fancy

THE human nose, whatever Quoodle may have said, has one outstanding talent: it stores and can disinter memories more vivid than any in the dull mind's eye. When lately I had an opportunity to visit workrooms where saddlers and other handlers of leather were plying their crafts, the sense of smell, again and again, hurled back on me the boomerang of Time. For instance, thus re-created, there was that dark, redolent harness shop in Kilmarnock where, fifty-odd years ago, a kindly godmother gave a coveted football to a little boy who pressed his grubby nose against its fragrant hide. Then, *ca.* 1900, there was the musty attic room where, the day after my irascible grandfather's funeral, we found a usable "modern" leather suitcase among the white-elephant wooden Saratogas, and discovered a solitary, staid 1880 Offenbach handbag—it must have been one of the first made from leather—which my grandmother had used. And then, much later, there were saddles—Indian troopers', and a cherished purchase bearing Sowter's name . . .

They are ghosts, those craftsmen who made that remembered football, those bags, that now perished saddle; but their skills survive. In Sackville Street, horse and rider are still served with the old careful art. Seasoned beechwood for the "tree"—the construction of this is a trade

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WHAT DISAPPOINTMENTS cogged the early aviators in their first experiments in flying. Many worked in secret; few were so ambitious as Sir Hiram Maxim who in 1894, testing his machine at Baldwyns Park in Kent, coaxed sufficient power from a light marine steam engine to lift the whole contraption off the rails. There his endeavours ceased and who would have thought that in less than 60 years men would be flying at speeds faster than sound? Who, indeed, could have foreseen the great industries which would arise from the inventive genius of the 1890's? In that same year, 1894, Albert Edwin Reed acquired his first paper mill at Tovil near Maidstone, to lay the foundation of what is today one of the largest organisations of its kind in the world. He was outstanding among the pioneers of modern paper-making methods and from his vision and enterprise have grown the great Aylesford mills of the Reed Paper Group, where giant high-speed machines turn out mile after mile of newsprint and the tough Kraft paper which has entirely revolutionised this country's packaging methods.

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on its own—hand-forged clips for the stirrups, choice pigskin for the flaps and seat: as one sniffs that lovely leather, meticulously hand-stitched, one deplores the thriftlessness of the English in demanding their bacon with the rind on, when they might well make do, in the grocer's, with the leather-saving skinned, rolled sides which are good enough for us culturally superior Scots. But the points that really count in the making of a saddle—these the purchaser does not see and must take on trust: the setting of the seat; the stretching of the webs, lengthways and crosswise; the shaping of the easeful "bellies" on each side of the cantle; and then, when the seat is covered with its cotton lining, the tight, smooth, durable stuffing. That achieved, the attachment of skirts and flaps and the making and fitting of the inside panel—no cheap sheepskin will do for its covering in Sackville Street—call also for patience and skill, but nothing will compensate for an imperfect seat.

To-day, the firms making fine saddles may be counted on the fingers of one hand; but they are not all in London. In the 18th century, Walsall had become a centre for the making of metal shoe-buckles and "equestrian furnishings"—bits, harness-brasses and the like. The buckle-makers had their troubles with fashion: in 1792 a delegation introduced by Sheridan petitioned the Prince of Wales against the "patronage of slippers and shoe-strings," through whose growing popularity they were in distress. But the makers of harness hardware throve; and, well before 1800, their activities seem to have attracted saddlers and harness-makers to Walsall. For them, the 19th century wars were a blessing. The premises of one old and honourable Walsall firm consist of a building whose three wings date respectively from the Crimean, Franco-Prussian and Boer campaigns. In addition, the expansion of colonial markets made Walsall leather goods famous over half the habitable world. Excellent saddles, many for export, are made here to-day; and, though I am now speaking of a factory, the building of saddles is still, as it must be, a matter exclusively of handiwork. So, too, is the making of footballs. Held in a wooden vice known as a "clam," and resembling a pair of up-ended skis held between the knees, the twelve panels of a soccer ball are double-stitched with two needles—inside out, of course. Then comes a problem; after the stitching has been hammered flat so as not to injure the bladder, the cover must be turned—a task of surprising, fantastic difficulty whose solution I shall not reveal beyond saying that it involves the use of an instrument resembling a tall wooden stalagmite. I have no doubt that my football of half a century ago was turned in the same way.

There are over fifty leather manufacturers (mostly small firms) in Walsall; and though the makers, once flourishing there, of cycle-saddles have migrated to Birmingham, Walsall saddlery has extended, not merely into such things as golf bags, but also—departing from "solid" into "fancy"—the manufacture of wallets, purses and a wide range of leather knick-knacks. Luggage, however, which figures in the "solid" range, has gravitated to London. About the middle of the 19th century, the metropolitan saddlers developed the manufacture of solid leather trunks, followed by bags—Gladstone, Brief and Kit—and, later, what we now know as suitcases. It is a highly skilled, specialised job. Only picked butts, without blemish, will do for the exposed surfaces of the best luggage; and, though the construction of a rectangular leather container may seem relatively simple, the closing of the edges and the making and fitting of handles (mechanised for cheap lines) calls for skilful hand-stitching in the best work—to say nothing of the linings and fittings.

In the sixty years since my grandfather got his *dernier cri* leather case, economic and social factors have revolutionised the craft of luggage-making. With the coming of an age in which porters—at least for Europeans—became a luxury, and air travel subsequently put a further premium on lightness, solid leather tended to give place, first, to fibre and split leather reinforced with interior plywood, and then to waterproofed synthetic fabrics. The search for lightness has been helped by the invention of the zipp closure and by ingenious frames of hardened aluminium; and, as an up-to-date suitcase contains metal hangers and other gadgets, an old-time saddler would doubtless disavow its making as alien from his craft. Weight apart, the growing cost of materials has been a factor making for change. In one firm of London manufacturers I was shown a fitted crocodile man's dressing case whose weight, empty, was 40 lb and whose retail price to-day (including tax) would be about £280. Gone are the days . . . But if leather has lost ground in luggage, the cordwainers of our times have had their compensations in other directions. The disappearance of gold coin created demand for wallets, and the first World War also was responsible for the development in England of the manufacture of the handbag without which no woman would to-day set forth from her home.

The wallet, of course, is only one, if perhaps the most prominent, item in the trade's output of "flat" fancy goods. Here a craft whose tools—mainly knife, T-square, creasing iron, awl and paste-pot—are simple. The essence of its skill lies in the selection and skilful cutting of skins—crocodile, calf, pig or that Indian goatskin which goes under the name of "Moroccan"—in the matching up of the cut pieces, and in the turning of the edges. First, the edges have to be "skived" (pared)—a machine-operation which requires, for fine work, finishing off by hand with a razor-edged knife. After skiving, the edges are turned back and set with an adhesive ready for the machinist. Fairly straightforward, you would say, in the case of straight edges, but a much trickier job when corners and curves—concave or convex—are involved: these call for pleating, "nipping," and "working over" by trained fingers. Equally neat workmanship is also required in the assembly. After the leather back, its lining affixed, has been laid on a litho stone, the inside, with all its pockets and flaps, is superimposed, pasted up, dried under pressure, and then sewn. Generally, the makers are men and the machinists women. In other types of small, flat goods, the technique is similar; and in small containers—jewel cases, etc.—the technique approaches that of the luggage maker, though in practice the trades are not interchangeable.

As for handbags, whose output now forms the great bulk of British leather manufacture—about one quarter of the production being for export—the aristocrat craftsman here is the pattern-maker. There are normally two or three score different pieces of leather and lining to be cut out in the complex construction of a handbag; exceptionally, the number may be as high as two hundred. The pattern-maker has often to work from a rough pencil sketch of an "idea"; and I was told that it takes 14 years of practical experience in cutting and benchwork to turn out a first-class pattern-maker, who will earn between £12 and £16 a week in the London area. For the rest, skills lie in the selection and matching of skins and in the cutting. No two skins are alike in consistency and graining; cutting to waste—a high cost these days—must be minimised, and a maker of good bags cannot afford to use leather doped to conceal flaws. On the bench, the maker, aided by the women machinists, has to exercise considerable judgment and skill in stiffenings and those artful stuffings which give leather a pleasant "domed" effect; finally, the closed bag passes to the "framer," who fits it, if it be of "classic" pattern, into its frame—once more a specialised job.

Leather goods manufacturers as a whole are facing 1952 painfully conscious of difficulties ahead. The saddle-makers, survivors of a much larger company, can count, doubtless, on their select market: their trouble is the shortage of trained craftsmen, though in Walsall I saw a number of young apprentices at one end of a workroom at whose other end was a gay and lively saddler of 88. The makers of luggage, fancy goods and handbags are all meeting with consumer resistance. Purchase tax—at a hundred per cent. on most goods not exempt, like brief-cases, as being "for business purposes"—is a crippling handicap. Who, for example, is going to pay £40 for a wallet, or £120 for a handbag, in crocodile? (A crocodile skin, with nicely graded scales, eighteen inches across its greatest width, now costs over £17.) Even in good-quality calf, handbags retail, with tax, at a figure at which it is not easy to sell them to the mass of British shoppers. Then, British manufacturers have often to make the best of indifferent materials: the best Hungarian calfskin and "antelope" (which is really reindeer) are now behind the Iron Curtain. Plastics, of course, are increasingly the answer to the problem of restricted purchasing power. When, as in the case of substitutes for patent leather, they avoid imitating, with absurd snobbery, costly crocodile or lizard, these artificial materials are admirable: there are now plenty of things besides prunella to challenge hides and skins. But if British handbag manufacturers are to prosper, there is need, I should say, for better design: at present, the trade tends to oscillate between the stuffily conventional and the tortured "novelty." Equally, I can see no future for those "fancy" goods in which functionalism takes second place to mistaken efforts at originality. Why, for instance, make clocks with leather faces, or leather-covered book-ends, or the numerous other monstrous bits of nonsense which, with the aid of unrivalled craftsmen, British manufacturers have been flooding export markets?

In 1935, there were nearly 1,900 firms of leather manufacturers in Britain, employing about 23,000 workers: but only 300-odd firms had more than ten workers apiece. To-day the trade has more numerous sizable firms, and its output is worth, of course, much more than the £5m. at which it was valued before the war. Whether the physical volume of output has greatly increased is doubtful: estimation is rendered difficult by the fact that production is to a considerable extent dispersed among small workshops whose output, being *supposedly* under £500, is exempt from purchase tax. For the factory production of cheap plastic bags, work is naturally now organised on mass-production lines; but, for better quality goods, individual benchwork still has to be the rule. This fact should help to preserve a market in the U.S. for this British craft industry: Americans are inclined to give the go-by to industries which cannot be stream-lined out of "medievalism." But to show that medievalism can still be commercially exploited, it is perhaps worth recalling that a British leather firm not long ago was required to execute, for export to the Middle East, a somewhat unusual order. It was for two dozen comfortable, strong and suitably decorated chastity belts.

AYLMER VALLANCE

A False Dilemma

THE Sixth Annual Report of the Arts Council of Great Britain gives a clear indication of the policy to be followed in the immediate future. Those who believe in popular culture cannot be happy at its implications. Since the end of the war, the antennae which the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts—the Arts Council's predecessor—had extended through a great deal of rural and provincial Britain have been largely withdrawn. Performances in factories, village halls and small towns no longer figure in the programmes, and music clubs have ceased to develop. The theatrical companies sent out under the aegis of the Council have been disbanded, and although the Bristol Theatre Royal was taken over and brought to life, experiments in other important areas have been abandoned. It is asserted that these areas cannot support a theatre, but it may be asked whether those locally responsible for gathering this support ever reached the right people. And the terminology of the present report encourages this doubt. "The motto . . . carved over the door of a patrician nursery might be one for the Arts Council to follow in deciding what to support during the next few straitened years—'Few, but roses.'"

Exquisitely expressed, this is singularly out of keeping with the present position of the arts. It leaves one wondering how much the present Secretary-General was responsible for its formulation. W. E. Williams, appointed only at the end of the year to which the Report refers, is well known for his popular background; his work with A.B.C.A. and Penguin books would absolve him of any charge of precocity. Yet the message is unmistakable: "In reconsidering the exhortation of its Charter to 'Raise and Spread' the Council may decide for the time being, to emphasise the first more than the second word." Before we condemn those responsible we must consider their means. A gross sum of £575,000 is made available by the Treasury for all purposes, and of this an earmarked grant of £145,000 for the Royal Opera House has to be deducted. The remainder, £430,000, becomes worth less each year as every recipient of its largesse begs for more as costs rise inexorably. And so a decision has to be made.

But the Arts Council is posing a false dilemma between quantity and quality. No one will begrudge Covent Garden its relatively large subsidy, smaller as it is than what would be paid to a comparable opera house in most other countries. No one will think Sadler's Wells, which caters for a less "choice" public than its elder sister, is over-encouraged by its £48,000, or a number of our leading symphony orchestras collectively by £41,000. All these grants will have to be substantially increased if present standards are to be merely maintained, but does this justify reducing the number of regional officers by 40 per cent., dropping dramatic ventures because they do not yet support themselves, and following a policy of permanent undernourishment for music clubs? If the Council accepts the easy solution, that in these hard times we must sacrifice the rest of our cultural garden for a few choice blooms, it will become little more than a paymaster, handing out a Treasury grant in doles to a few selected recipients, losing whatever influence it had, and ceasing to play any creative or directing part in our cultural life. This is a job the Treasury might do itself, with a couple of advisers. There would be no justification for an administration costing 18 per cent. of the total grant and occupying magnificent headquarters in the heart of London.

It is not necessary to join the ranks of those who disapprove of the Arts Council to realise the fatal weakness of the present approach. The only satisfactory solution is for the Arts Council, from its long experience, to state what cultural needs ought to be met over the entire country. The estimated cost may be checked and rechecked, but should finally represent what the

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Treasury must grant. This total, despite "the next few straitened years," would be a negligible proportion of other, less rewarding, public expenditure and would produce a rich return. It need not even be borne entirely by the Treasury. The Local Government Act of 1948, still-born in too many areas, empowers local authorities to give financial support to the arts. Here are the seeds of a policy which, energetically carried out, could distribute the costs and do much to realise the Council's original objectives.

THOMAS RUSSELL

The Arts and Entertainment

NIGHTMARE ABBEY

THE London Mask Theatre is a management to which more serious theatre-goers owe a debt of gratitude. Since the war its distinguished list has included *The Linden Tree*, *Cockpit* and *His Excellency*. Now it has launched a new season at home, the Westminster Theatre. The first production, which I unfortunately missed, was *Sunset in Knightsbridge*; and the second, which I have just seen, is an ingenious and reasonably faithful adaptation of Peacock's *Nightmare Abbey*.

This I found very enjoyable, although I approached it—as I approach every adaptation of a novel for the stage—with deep distrust. There is a simple maxim about adaptations which should be commended to all managements and producers. A bad novel has one chance in a hundred of making a good play; a good novel has no chance at all. The test, anyhow, is a perfectly simple one. Does the stage version add something which the reading of the novel over a fire at home can't give? And I'm afraid that by this test even so un-novelish a novel as *Nightmare Abbey*, in a tactful adaptation, really fails. If you can still read, you would obviously do much better to buy the book in, say, Hamish Hamilton's charming pocket edition (where you will find *Crotchet Castle* thrown in for your six shillings), put your feet up on a soft and let your own imagination, under Peacock's guidance, do its work. But those who are now so imaginatively enfeebled as to have their visual work done for them will find the Mask Theatre version as reasonably good an equivalent as the stage can manage for a novel which is a satirical description of an intellectual climate.

The stage version must inevitably reverse the order of things in the novel, must go out for atmosphere and event, and only hint at the dialectic. But the adaptor (Mr. Anthony Sharp) and the producer (Mr. John Fernald) have at least shown an admirable restraint. The danger with this kind of thing—in the era of "Producer's theatre"—is over-fantastication. This has been honourably avoided. The first half establishes the atmosphere of the Abbey. The Gothic is sufficiently indicated in Paul Mayo's simple evocative set, and the absurdness at the heart of the Abbey is not underlined by the single ghost and the old butler's concertina knee. We have to receive the impression of a ridiculously over-intellectual house-party, and this act does manage to suggest the quantity of talk that flows through the drawing-room without being able (in the nature of the play form) to do more than hint at the quality of it. So, too, since time and growth are not the drama's native element, Marionetta's wildly oscillating feelings towards the Shelleyan son of the house, Scythrop, can only be indicated in a dumb show which itself can only make sense to those who are already acquainted with the book; Scythrop hardly comes out as a world reformer and Mr. Flosky (founded on Coleridge) becomes only the easier half of the joke against him—the inventor of monstrous polysyllabic words.

But with the atmosphere more or less established in the first act, the play finds its feet in the second by taking up with events. The last three chapters of the book provide the basis for a series of amusing comedy situations. Scythrop conceals in his tower the runaway daughter of Mr. Toobad and finds himself torn in exactly equal parts by his love for the two girls, ending up by losing both. The comedy here receives a great impulse from the quite brilliantly balanced playing of Mr. Alan MacNaughtan as Scythrop. His is an ideal high comedy performance played absolutely convincingly from right inside the character. Miss Valerie Hanson's Marionetta has the same brilliance of touch together with a delightful perfection of timing. These two young actors should be very well worth watching for the future. At the other end of the scale what opportunities are lost in the Mr. Listless, a part which cannot help being funny, but which Mr. Geoffrey Dunn (who knows better) loses much more than half the fun of. In between these extremes Mr. Charles Lloyd Pack would surely get even more than he does out of Scythrop's father, if he were more decided about the character. On the other hand, one must pay a further tribute to the discretion with which all these grotesques are handled.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE CRITICS CRITICISED

A SPLENDID gale is blowing up over the question of music criticism. I call it splendid, not out of mere Irish pugnacity, but because I believe in free speech, public debate and the ventilation of controversial questions. It is true that in this debate nothing whatsoever will be settled, since criticism is concerned with questions of value, and these cannot be proved or subjected to exact measurement. All the same, it is a good thing that the public, and the critics themselves, should be stirred to think seriously about matters which they generally take for granted.

That spirited monthly, *Opera*, devotes half its March issue to a symposium on criticism in general, and especially on the state of criticism in England to-day. In five articles and three pages of editorial comment any number of March hares are started, far more than I can hope to chase in a mere column or two. The most clear-headed essay comes from Sir Kenneth Clark, the most far-reaching from Fred. Goldbeck, the least temperate from Benjamin Britten. It is strange that Mr. Britten, than whom there can be few composers in the world more successful or more widely praised, should suffer from persecution mania. Yet there is a note of rancour in his article which it would be easier to understand if the writer were some neglected elder of the musical scene; he even turns aside to take a passing swipe at a dramatic critic—choosing, by sheer bad luck, one of the soundest and liveliest in the profession. In the middle of all this knockabout stuff (which we must simply disregard as one of the inexplicable vagaries of genius) a few practical remarks and suggestions are embedded. The first of these is no less true for being obvious: criticism desperately needs more space. Unfortunately, it is not the critics who are responsible for the space restrictions which are killing their work; it is the newsprint shortage, the values of editors and press lords, and—perhaps one must add—those of readers too. One of Mr. Britten's proposals—a *Times* Monthly Musical Supplement—is ingenious. "Adequate space is necessary," he unkindly adds, "for the critic to give himself away"; but in fact most of the serious daily critics gladly seize the opportunity of writing at greater length in such papers as *The Musical Times*, *Music and Letters*, *Music Review* and *Music Survey*.

Mr. Britten's next proposal is far more controversial:

> There should be no such profession as criticism. . . . Criticism must be a side line. . . Let the composers, the performers, the publishers, the concert promoters, the musical administrators, the intelligent amateurs too perhaps, take time off occasionally to write reasoned judgments on the work of their colleagues.

The first objection to this plan is that it would drive any editor off his head. The second objection is that the results would be, if not hopelessly prejudiced, at any rate chaotic. "I have no fear," says Mr. Britten, "that it will lead to undue bias or jealousy; on the whole, the better the artist, the more he understands the problems of his colleagues and so will realise what

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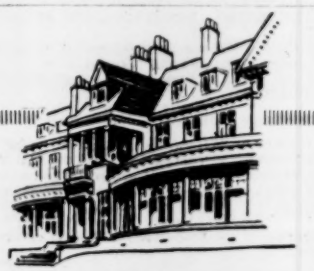

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they are trying to do, and be sympathetic towards it." History does not support this pious belief. Think of Hugo Wolf on Brahms, of Tchaikovsky on Wagner, of Debussy on Grieg ("a pink fondant stuffed with snow"). Is there any reason to expect a more balanced and "sympathetic" attitude if we turn Stravinsky loose on Hindemith, Britten on Bax, or Tippett on Bliss? To hear composers talk about other composers is always illuminating, particularly on matters of technique; but their prejudices are usually far more violent than those of the critic or the general public, and it is easy to see why this should be so. From the intelligent amateur, if only he could be unearthed, I should expect an excellent contribution (and I quite agree with Sir Kenneth Clark that it is to him, not to the artist or the specialist, that criticism should be directed). But what are we to make of the rest of Mr. Britten's six categories—to which, by the way, he strangely alludes as though they were all "artists"? Imagine an editor conscientiously putting his advice into practice. One week Harold Holt would review a Victor Hochhauser concert; next week, *vice versa*. We should read Harriet Cohen on Eileen Joyce, Victoria Sladen on Gwen Catley, Walter Midgley on Peter Pears, Furtwängler on Karajan, Beecham on Sargent, Leslie Boosey on *Mathis der Maler*, and perhaps Messrs. Francis, Day and Hunter on *Billy Budd*. I don't deny that all this might be the greatest fun, but it would have one serious drawback for the regular reader: he would lack any fixed standard of reference.

The main advantage of a regular critic is that the reader gets to know roughly where he is. In the world of drama and cinema we all recognise this; even with our favourite critics, we learn to make allowances, remembering that Miss X has a weakness for Westerns, and Mr. Y a distaste for Strindberg. It is much the same with music criticism. A constant reader of this column, if such a person can be imagined to exist, will have acquired a rough notion of my prejudices and prepossessions: "prefers lyrical to declamatory and rhetorical music . . . loves Handel more than Bach, Mozart more than Beethoven . . . dislikes thick texture and heavy climaxes . . . nevertheless, admires Wagner and Strauss . . . lukewarm about folksong, recorders, viols, *musica antiqua et hoc genus omne* . . . fond of opera . . . almost too fond of singing . . . regards Janacek and Carl Nielsen as the most important of the not-yet-fully-accepted . . . is always proclaiming Britten the foremost composer of his day . . ." and so on.

Most of these prejudices, I freely admit, are wide open to question. For instance, the Handel-Bach, Mozart-Beethoven antithesis is purely a matter of temperament; all four are giants, and a preference between them is hardly more worthy of debate than a preference between brunettes and blondes. Nevertheless, when I am writing about a new work, or the revival of an unfamiliar old work, it is useful for the reader to know of these quirks. If he happens to share most of them himself, he thinks me the most reliable of critics; if his outlook is radically different, he may conceivably go on reading what I write for the pleasure of disagreeing with it, he may snort and turn over the page, or he may write to the Editor and demand that I be replaced. In any case—and this is my point—he knows just where he is: a signed criticism carries weight exactly in proportion as the writer's previous work has aroused confidence (or mistrust) in the reader. Conversely, it is a serious objection against unsigned criticism that it lends to fallible personal opinion a spurious air of authority. Criticism, as Bernard Shaw long ago pointed out, is either personal or it is nothing: "there is no more dishonest and insufferable affectation in criticism than that impersonal, abstract, judicially authoritative air."

Shaw, writing in 1894, had his own proposal for raising the standard of musical criticism: "why not form a Vigilance Committee of musicians for the exposure of incompetent critics?" He would be delighted to know that, in 1952, such a Committee more or less exists. The pages of *Music Survey*, edited by Donald Mitchell and Hans Keller, are largely devoted to post-mortems on the follies of contemporary criticism. True, the writers are themselves critics, and they often adopt a pedantic and tortuous style. But they are thorough and energetic, they know a lot, they listen hard, they have furious likes and dislikes, and they are delightfully free from the smallest scruples about good form and gentlemanly conduct. They blow through the stuffy world of English music like a sharp east wind, and I applaud their intransigence even when I feel the nip myself.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

THE centenary, that relic of primitive magic in our time, is a useful occasion for summing up current opinion on its subject, especially when it comes at that interesting wavering time when posthumous reputation has not hardened—besides affording a chance for those who saw their Shelley plain to give their own account of the meeting. Both these provisions apply to George Moore, whose hundredth birthday had a stylish radio celebration last week. Indeed, there could hardly be a better subject. As a man and a writer, Moore—a sort of inquiring innocent about everything from grammar to love—was quite unlike anybody else. If he was handsomely served in the centenary programmes (with the strangest possible omission—there were no readings from his work) he also served his biographers handsomely. (Might we not also have had a repeat of the Beerbohm portrait of Moore?) Two of the programmes were critical, two reminiscent; the one kind examining with skill and style the paradox put forward by the other. We were reminded of his vulgarity and his fineness; of the "incredible industry of the man" (Shaw's comment) which never quite separates itself in our minds from his bonelessness, his soft hands ("like a false hand," said one of the speakers), his small feet "that might have been made for a dancing floor though." Charles Morgan rather curiously referred to the "miles" between Chelsea and Ebury Street that Moore walked to him for advice on a tangled sentence!

The *pièce de résistance*, however, was an hour-long causerie, brilliantly collected and arranged by W. R. Rodgers, with Maurice Brown as producer; the contributions—nearly all unscripted—coming from some twenty persons who had known him—Gogarty, Lennox Robinson, Lady Hanson and others, the lively ghost of James Stephens entering in on a record; and there were some real discoveries, Anna Kelly, Moore's secretary, in particular. "Now confess, he said to me, you would rather have two lovers than one? And with the dew of the convent and the Reverend Mother still upon me, and without a lover at all, I used to consider that this was a very immoral idea. But I had the wits not to say so." And Richard Irvine Best, an old Dublin friend of Moore and himself a character, gave in his unscripted and inimitable *Hail and Farewell* the oddest mass of stories—against Moore, against himself; it didn't matter. Moore felt it, he told us, that no honour was ever conferred on him. "Then I said to him (perhaps it wasn't very sincere on my part): 'There is one thing you are assured of, and that is immortality.' 'Immortality! But what is the good of immortality to a man when he is dead?'"

It may be, as one or two hinted, that Moore's prose will outlive his legend. Tom Moore, who had his turn the previous week, insured his memory not by his life but by his songs. These turned up delightfully in several programmes off our usual radio track. On Children's Hour that good artist Frederick Fuller sang a number of the Irish Melodies; on the European Service, to whose weekly literary half-hour in English I chanced to turn, I found them being sung by Robert Irwin in an excellent account of Moore by Christopher Marsden.

The Home Service feature, *The Loss of the Birkenhead* (also a centenary) by Olivia Manning

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was interesting and, at times, impressive; the writing had power; the theme, though extremely ambitious, was kept well in hand. Here, set in the framework of our own historical knowledge, was a picture of several hundred souls on a troopship, in the bad conditions of the old soldiery, moving, unknown to themselves, to destruction. The officers, the men, the sea captain, a Scots woman singing, hauntingly; the scene passed from one to the other in a pattern of sound and dialogue. The only weakness came from going outside the material itself; there was no need of the symbolic voices to emphasise the contrast between new reason and old discipline; their removal would not touch the main design.

Finally, I much enjoyed *Aunt Rose's Revenge*, a superb little 15-minute story about an English governess in the Vienna of 1928, written and read by Antonia White. NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"A Streetcar Named Desire," at the Warner's "The Belle of New York," at the Empire Pagnol & Jennings Season at the Everyman

It was mostly theatre last week, with Mr. Eliot, and now we have Mr. Tennessee Williams. *A Streetcar Named Desire* fairly reeks of the theatre; its realism is theatrical realism, it gilds violence with a thin wash of playwright's gab, and even the weather subserves the moods of the characters. Good, bad, and indifferent—and this thundering tram is all three—it does yet succeed in imposing itself as a sensational movie where the high seriousness and poetry of *Murder in the Cathedral* failed. Nor is the reason hard to discover. We aren't asked on this occasion just to *listen* to Mr. Williams's words. God forbid! Words with him are the barks, whines, bellows and mewings of the human animal: we are looking through bars at a shindy among some sort of larger apes—say, the mandrills. Bristle, tooth, bum: they're self-consciously on show, and all the time the keeper keeps them going with his stick in the background. Come on there, smash things up a bit more! Hit her, she's going to have a baby! Catch that sister of hers! Rape her! Drive her potty! Now let's have a good howl! That's better, that's how things happen in a town where the streetcars are named desire.

Now the proof of this kind of set-to (sub-O'Neill) is not whether it's motiveless or not, but whether dramatically it excites. And excite it does. The Polak's howl up the steps for his mate touches an eerie note; he has more of the jungle in him than Tarzan, and a wireless playing when he wants to concentrate on cards or the sight of a birthday cake with candles will start a rare chest-thumping. Marlon Brando plays this brute, I must say, magnificently. He looks so much better than the part, while generously fulfilling it. His tender moments always make us forget that they are only velvet paws, so that beastliness returns with a shock. And then the dramatist and Miss Vivien Leigh have provided in the hysterically sly fallen schoolteacher a perfect victim. This game of Beauty and the Beast is played out with a pretty relish, so that we're willing to overlook some dramatic lapses: the pother about the estate dropped once it's no longer needed, and the Polak's wife made to turn on her brute by a speech about civilisation that is too stagily inept for even Miss Leigh, who must be used now to wringing subtleties out of the part. The bad poetry of her speeches is put down to the fact that she's high-falutin educated; but it remains bad poetry, of the kind inspired by footlights. But, as I've said, we swallow it down because, faults and all, the tension remains. Mr. Elia Kazan, a brilliant director both on stage and screen, has made the most of his obvious chances. His actors respond, and so do we.

I don't know what memories the title *The Belle of New York* ought to excite, but this is in fact a new Fred Astaire film in which he and his partner Vera-Ellen dance literally on air. Why are you up there? she asks, seeing him suspended, Thurber-like, near the ceiling. Love, says he, is like this. And so off, and up, they go, when the mood takes them (usually in evening dress), on the pinnacles of little old New York. The film has picked up a few graces from *An American in Paris*, and Astaire still exerts an old charm.

At the Everyman, Pagnol's Marseilles trilogy is being given over successive weeks, accompanied by Humphrey Jennings. My own choice would be for *Fanny* and *Diary for Timothy* (Mar. 10-16); and to finish up with (Mar. 24-30) there is *Jofroi* and Thorold Dickinson's *The Queen of Spades*. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The High Bid," at the New Boltons

It is most enterprising of the New Boltons (under Mr. Basil Ashmore now) to allow us to see, and above all to hear, a Henry James play at last. I cannot, with the very best will in the world, think that *The High Bid* quite comes off. The American interloper, with her plea for the past and her rising to the occasion of buying place and owner complete—*she* comes off triumphantly. It is the radical owner, Captain Yule, whose convictions are somehow not rooted, and whose conversion, as a consequence, doesn't seem effective. Yet even so the comedy carries, or carried me at least, enjoyably through on the language alone. What a pleasure to wait for those cadences to fall, to follow the images leaping into life and to be propelled into feeling by those intrusive, anticipatory adverbs! Perhaps it is true that each scene tends to be a little over-elaborated—the subject hardly bears the extension from one to three acts. Yet, for the patient, the climaxes do build and James knew how to produce that little hush of intensity at the centre of a scene which stills the house. Miss Hermione Hannen, in the part of the American widow, gave us a performance of dazzling virtuosity: she completely commanded and wholly charmed. Vitality played over every feature of her expressive face and flowed through all her movements, even to the lightest crooking of her finger: she gave us a woman immensely alive, immensely aware, immensely clever. Mr. Hugh Burden spoke the dialogue quite excellently, though, with a more difficult part to move in, he didn't seem quite so happy in his stance and bearing. Mr. Gordon Phillott was exact as the old family retainer and Mr. Clarke-Smith, if he was got up a little too sportingly—as if "books" and totes were his province rather than mortgages—gave a good account of Prodmore, and Miss Jenny Laird was his unsophisticated daughter. T. C. W.

Correspondence

THE PRIMARY CHILD

SIR,—At the very end of four disturbing articles on State education, Mr. Davidson has put a match to a fuse which I, for one, hope will reach the charge and let off a first-class explosion. "Only the abolition of fee paying and the construction of a genuinely comprehensive system will change the physical and mental environment of English education and make it sound and whole," says Mr. Davidson. I became the head of an independent junior school seven years ago. As a Socialist, I have always deplored the arbitrary barrier between my type of school and the State schools. I hear of fifty children crammed into a primary school class, and I look at my own classes of twenty, fifteen or even less, and wonder why it is that junior schools have never been given a chance to come into the "grant-aid" system, at least.

While there are still a number of small and objectionable private establishments which would be better closed down, there are also hundreds of independent schools in which equipment, staffing and premises are of the highest order. These schools have, of course, served the needs of the middle classes who do not wish their offspring to mix with "common children," but this attitude is much rarer than many people (and I suspect, Mr. Davidson) imagine. A far more cogent reason for sending your child to an independent school is because it will get better premises and equipment and more individual attention. A great chance to unify our system of education was lost in 1944. The muddle-headed mixture of independent teachers and State-employed teachers which has been served up as education, is similar to the Health Service compound.

Of course there would be opposition if the independent schools were brought into the State system. I mooted the question in my staff room recently and was interested to see the reaction. 'But,' said one excellent teacher (and I mean excellent), 'You would lose some of the children, wouldn't you, if you lowered the social standard of the school.' I told her I could not care less, and found myself supported by several of the younger members of the staff. Here we are, an independent, recognised, junior day school, with excellent premises, playground and gymnasium; with good equipment and books (I have several hundred textbooks and I doubt if more than a handful were published before 1945); good staff (all mine but one are Froebel trained), but we are totally unable to open our doors to the children of parents who cannot pay our fees. Let me be perfectly frank about this. The independent schools are not finding things any too easy financially. We should benefit by being at any rate partially State-supported, but is that necessarily a bad thing? Farmers are regarded as important enough to be given State aid, yet farmers, despite large talk of serving the nation, are of course, working for their own private profit like most people. If the independent schools are eventually squeezed out by high prices, and I think some of them may be, is this going to benefit anybody? How many of the once independent Grammar Schools would be carrying on to-day if they had not been taken over partly or wholly by the State?

By all means let the dismal private academies where so-called education is meted out to a handful of wealthy youngsters by conservative ladies, be left to perish, but let those worthy of it be given an opportunity (secretly I should like to see them compelled) to come into the State system. This will cost money. Certainly. But the children must be educated. At present, the Ministry is sitting back, saying, "No more school building," but in some areas the population of primary schoolchildren is going to be nearly doubled in the next few years. What if the existing schools cannot, physically, squeeze them into their classrooms? Are they to roam the streets? If new buildings cannot be put up, then let the Ministry make use of those that do exist. I am convinced that the independent schools should make their contribution to the education of the people (and by people, I mean all classes) and I believe that many heads, like myself, would welcome it. One more suggestion. It is an old axiom that people only appreciate what they pay for. I know this will not commend itself to many, but I believe a small fee for education would be better than no fee and no education. Would parents object to paying, say, two pounds a term (with exemption, of course, for certain families, unemployed, widows, etc.) if it meant that their children were to be educated from five to fifteen at least, and in classes not too hopelessly overcrowded? And are many parents going to find six pounds a year difficult to raise?

LONDON HEADMISTRESS

SIR,—Basil Davidson rightly questions the basis by which selection is made at 10-plus.

Many of the present misconceptions are due to an insufficient knowledge of the concept of "intelligence." Anyone familiar with the works of Spearman and subsequent work on his theory cannot overlook the wealth of scientific knowledge on the subject and deny that intelligence as defined can be measured. Contrary to Mr. Davidson's belief these tests are valid for the next 30 or 40 per cent., provided (and this is important) the test has been standardised.

Mr. Davidson does, however, lay stress on the vital criticism of this selection basis. A high I.Q. is not necessarily indicative of the child's attainment level in the Grammar School; for persistence, the desire to learn, and a favourable environment conducive to study are all important factors in the future progress a child will make.

To measure what is there in the child is obviously important, but it is equally important to assess what use will be made of it. Far too few authorities have adopted the basis for selection that Coventry has. Until the basis for selection is broadened to encompass intellectual, environmental, and personality desirability, the best use will not be made of our Grammar Schools.

PAUL SMITH

34 Winifred Road, Bedford, Beds.

SIR,—To those who deny that the establishment of voluntary schools by the Church of England was due to a desire to propagate sectarianism, may I quote from a speech by Joseph Chamberlain at Birmingham in 1869? "I should be the last to depreciate the enormous sacrifices which have been made by many of the clergy to establish and maintain schools; but I say that, on their own confession, their motive has been, not the education of the people, but the maintenance of the doctrines of the Church of England; and the consequence has been that secular education has been subordinate to this object."

7 Perry Hill, London, S.E.6. PETER JABOTSON

GERMAN REARMAMENT

SIR,—I admire your realism when you insist that we are as directly affected as the French by the dangers implicit in German rearmament. But I refuse to believe that "in the last resort the only alternative to the emergence of a rearmed, aggressive Western Germany is the unification of Germany by agreement between East and West." Agreement and unification are the best solution: but suppose, as is quite possible, the Kremlin does not want agreement with us; is there then really no alternative but a rearmed, aggressive Western Germany? It is excessively pessimistic to think so.

A rearmed, aggressive and independent Germany could, and probably would, detach itself in a few years from a European Army on the proposed lines, consisting of national divisions; but this danger would not arise if the force was fully integrated. If soldiers were recruited by a European Minister of Defence, who placed them in units composed of a mixture of nationalities, a Wehrmacht could not possibly break away; if Britain were included, the army could not be dominated by Germany; there would be no possibility of German aggression.

The military experts claim that such a force is unworkable: they also claim that Europe cannot be defended without a German contribution. Is it not possible that in both cases it is a question of time—and such a force could be built over a period of years, even if its immediate creation is impracticable: and that, whereas we can, and probably must, manage to arrange for the defence of Germany for the near future without German help, we can hardly be expected thus to burden ourselves over a long period while the Germans become steadily more prosperous than ourselves, chiefly because they do not have to use their men for soldiers. If my two assumptions are correct, if a truly international force can be slowly built, and if the German contribution, although at present dispensable, is in the long run desirable, then we have surely the solution to the dilemma. We can rely upon national forces for the present, while constructing, as quickly as is consistent with efficiency, an international force for our collective defence.

Since I am not easily impressed by the doctrine of the collective guilt of a single nation, I see this type of European Army not as a smart dodge for rearming the Germans, but as the only way of making sure that the armies of the nations concerned can never again fight against one another. During the next month or two, amid the smoke and ashes of the Pleven Plan, we shall have a chance to initiate this enterprise. If we miss this chance, it may not occur again.

DAVID ALLEN

Worcester Park.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—The Report on Punishment and Reward in Schools issued by the National Foundation for Educational Research at the end of January, nearly five years after the announcement of the inquiry, has received some publicity in the press which does less than justice to this considerable piece of work. For, though the majority of its 432 pages are a statistical abstract of (principally) teacher-opinion in the distributed areas to which inquiry has been directed, there are 14 pages of conclusion based upon the tables so laboriously compiled. These conclusions appear to suggest by implication that only certain practical difficulties, which should not prove insurmountable, prevent a recommendation that corporal punishment could well be abolished.

The statement in the Report picked out by the daily press (which had little time to read the whole document) for greatest publicity is that a large majority of teachers consulted were against the abolition of corporal punishment. There were reservations, many say they seldom, if ever, use it. Why then are they reluctant to part with the right to cane as a "last resort"? Partly, we suggest, because some genuinely believe that there are offences which can only be met by force; partly because of the weight of tradition; not least a feeling that interference with the teacher's right to cane would detract from his status or authority. Yet surely no teacher can imagine he is respected because he is allowed to strike children!

The Report mentions 13 State schools of varying types which have voluntarily abandoned all corporal punishment, and are no less successful than other schools. These schools had no special advantages and some, it is admitted, were in "difficult" areas. This seems to disprove the claim that corporal punishment as a "last resort" is necessary. So, too, does the fact that pupil-opinion places corporal punishment comparatively low in the list of deterrents. A bad report to parents is rated first among these. Does this suggest a higher regard for the judgment of parents than of teachers?

As for the restrictions which so many Authorities state are imposed—punishment records, no caning of girls by men, etc.—on February 17 a newspaper reported a headmaster in Falkirk as telling its representative that "he strapped Jessie on the hand in his study". Jessie is a schoolgirl approaching 15 who stayed away from school because she is 5ft 10in tall and "felt like a woman"!

EDITH LLOYD,
Hon. Sec.
Committee for the Abolition of Corporal Punishment in Schools,
9 Parliament Mansions, S.W.1.

[Reference is made to this letter in the London Diary.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE QUEEN'S OPPORTUNITY

SIR,—What would be the point of the Queen behaving in the way G. F. suggests unless it were publicly known? Then the mobbing and crowd of photographers ("Youthful Queen smokes in pub") would merely yield an inverted snobbery.

Now at least we have some natural dignity, an essential element of the mysterious aura without which a monarchy loses all reason for its existence. The reactions all over the world to the King's death, exemplified by the sobbing of French women at the funeral film, proves that the significance of royalty is, however irrational, more complex than is superficially supposed. Royalties have to be both the same as other people and yet *uniquely* different from them, just as our parents were in our infancy. It's a difficult job.

ERNEST JONES

Elsted, Sussex.

U.S. AID IN INDONESIA

SIR,—The question of financial aid by the United States, is, as you pointed out last week, a major issue in the policies of those countries like Burma and Indonesia which have only recently freed themselves from Western domination. Military aid from M.S.A. commits the receiving Government to military alignment, and is incompatible with an independent policy. The Indonesian Foreign Minister was informed that under the provisions of M.S.A. an agreement under Section 511 (A) would be necessary to permit the U.S.A. to continue extending military as well as economic assistance, but that an agreement pursuant to Section 511 (B) would be adequate to permit the continuation of economic assistance. If Dr. Subardjo had kept to the latter, he might still be Foreign Minister. But the American Ambassador, on whose shoulders the Dutch paternalistic mantle seems to

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have descended, is reported to have advocated a military agreement both with Dr. Subardjo and with the State Department. Opposition to a military agreement both by the Masjumi (Dr. Subardjo's own Party) and by the P.N.I., both of which held five seats in a Cabinet of 19, brought about the Government's downfall. It also raised doubts in the State Department in Washington about the Ambassador's handling of the matter and the wisdom of his pressure on Indonesian Ministers. D. W.

[Last week we accidentally reversed the initials standing for Indonesian parties. The P.N.I. is the Nationalist and not the Socialist party (P.S.I.).—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE NAKED ISLAND

SIR,—In reviewing my book, *The Naked Island*, in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Mr. Wynd attacked it on two grounds. One, that it was not accurate—since he remembered no Argyll soldier being beaten almost to death at the Austin works, Kuala Lumpur. Second, that it was written "out of hatred."

To the first charge I must reply that wherever I dealt with the killing of British prisoners not personally known to me I deliberately (to spare the feelings of possible relatives at home) made them anonymous and unidentifiable.

Thus I wrote of "The Sergeant" . . . "Sandshoes" . . . "The Face" . . . All these were killed; and the fact that they were not, at birth, actually christened "The Sergeant," or "Sandshoes," or "The Face," in no way relieves the reality of their deaths. Similarly with the Scot in Kuala Lumpur who struck a Japanese guard and was, in consequence, beaten up and soon died. I chose to style him an Argyll. The relevant factors are not his regiment but the reckless courage of his attack on one of our captors (the only such attack, by the way, which I ever witnessed) and his subsequent death.

To the second charge of Mr. Wynd's that I write out of hatred, I plead guilty. I hate the Japanese way of life more than anything else in the world. I cannot love a race whose men all, either by positive acts of bestiality or by condoning those acts in unprotesting silence, convict themselves of crimes quite foreign to our way of life.

Mr. Wynd scoffs somewhat contemptuously at my Australian fear of the "Yellow Peril." I would point out to Mr. Wynd that he, in Scotland, is one of the most fortunately placed men in the world—he is on exactly the opposite side of the globe from Japan! As an Australian, not so fortunately placed, and observing Japan's present overseas trade tactics, based on sweated labour; her enormous police force (which is in fact an army), and her renascent merchant marine (which will enable her later to transport that army from the bursting home islands to more sparsely populated lands elsewhere) I am unable to remain so unmoved as my critic.

In any event, whatever one may think of the prose in my book, I still draw the attention of Mr. Wynd to the incontrovertible evidence of Mr. Searle's sketches, which are an integral part of it. These superb drawings were done on the spot, during our captivity, by a man whose judgment was never clouded by his passions. Indeed they are so icily dispassionate, and yet depict the brutality of the Japanese with so simple and incisive a line, that I am more than content to allow my case to rest on their evidence alone. I cannot see how, looking at them, Mr. Wynd could still maintain that the words I wrote sprang purely from malicious racial hatred and not largely (as I maintain) from a hatred of the amorality and cruelty which the Japanese culture represents.

294 Earl's Court Road, S.W.5. RUSSELL BRADDON

THE MODULOR

SIR,—Mr. Summerson makes it clear that Corbusier has not succeeded in establishing a recognisable relation between mathematics and the visual arts. Basic propositions are needed to clear up the endless confusion that exists in this field. Would the following meet the need?

(1) No collection of forms constitutes a pattern unless the elements are combined spatially by a geometrical relationship.
(2) Any arrangement of a collection of forms combined spatially by a geometrical relationship, constitutes a pattern.
(3) No superiority of one geometrical relationship over another as a basis for a pattern can be established, except by the application of some other factor.
(4) The only factor of this sort at present generally recognised is a consensus of opinion based on experience in favour of particular pattern combinations.

The matter might be taken a little further (I do not think that it has been done), if it were borne in mind that in any visible work of art, the main function of arrangement pattern or composition is to call attention successively to the elements which make up the whole. One of the readiest ways to achieve this is by contrast between large and small. If, therefore, it could be shown that geometrical proportions are regularly related to the visual effect of difference in size, we should approach a logical explanation of how satisfactory patterns are made.

13 Crawford Street, W.1. H. LEWIS CURTIS

THE HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—I should like to draw attention to some aspects of the forthcoming cuts in the Health Service. It is Mr. Butler's intention to force some dentists out of private practice and into the School Service. This may or may not be justified, but it ignores the consequences to the adolescents.

In the past 3½ years thousands of my colleagues have spent an immense amount of time and care on the mouths of 15- to 20-year-olds, in many cases doing as many as 17 fillings in one mouth. The rate of incidence of dental caries is highest during the years of adolescence, and unless these cases are followed by regular inspection and treatment, a tremendous waste of public money will occur, and masses of total extraction and denture cases will accumulate. It is difficult enough as it is to overcome fear and prejudice (and often parental opposition) without weighing the scales against conservative treatment still further.

Secondly, it cannot be stressed too strongly that the cut in the dental services is not due to the rising cost of these services. In point of fact, the dental estimates have dropped greatly since Mr. Gaitskell's imposition of a charge on dentures. Most dentists, I think, welcomed this charge, not in principle, but in effect. I would, however, suggest that one-half of the cost is too much for dentures supplied initially. After all, one does not have one's teeth extracted for amusement.

I would suggest a nominal sum of £1 towards the cost of dentures supplied after extraction and a charge of one-half of cost against denture replacements. I stress the fact that the cost of the service is not the root cause of the cut, as I feel that otherwise my much-maligned profession will be made the scapegoat and the public invited to revile the rapacious dentists rather than Mr. Butler's policies.

A word in defence of those dentists who left the school service for private practice. Before the inception of the N.H.S. the school dentist in very many cases had to work for a local authority who not only underpaid him, but largely doubted the necessity for his existence and gave him totally inadequate premises and equipment. After the inception of the N.H.S. many of these dentists (who had been hanging on in the hope that at last Mr. Bevan was going to clear up the mess or reorganise the service on a national basis) were bitterly disappointed. They quite naturally left the school service in large numbers; small blame to them. A great deal of credit is due to those of their number who stayed on.

The main attraction of working in the increasingly bureaucratic N.H.S. was that you could do the treatment necessary for all classes without worrying whether you were involving patients in hardship; and I suggest that any charge for conservative treatment is not only a retrograde step but an unjustified one. We dentists are rather tired of being pushed around by the politicians and "carrying the can." The "can" in this instance will be an accumulation of dental troubles in three to five years. The least that should be done is to raise the age limit for free treatment from sixteen to twenty-one years.

I must add that I am not an ex-school dentist nor have I been one of the fortunate few who earned vast sums, nor yet am I a spokesman of the British Dental Association, and at the moment I am considerably over-employed. I write from a feeling of frustration and bitterness because I feel a great advance in preventive medicine is being destroyed, and with very little fuss. DENTAL SURGEON

THE DAILY MUSE

SIR,—Having read with interest and appreciation your article in last week's issue, on "The Daily Muse," I and a group of friends did some research into the way in which the Muse spends the week-end. The result gave further proof of the existence of a living tradition of poetry not only in the headlines but also in the main body of the text. May I quote two short poems from the *Sunday Express*, altering only the arrangement of the lines:—

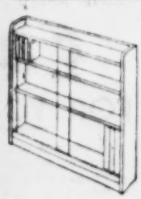
FROG IN WELL—SO EIGHT MEN DIE

Trivandrum, South India, Saturday.
Eight men died here
Because of a frog in a well.
One man fell in
Trying to remove the frog.
Three friends fell in
Trying to pull him out.
A crowd gathered.
Four people who tried
To drag the men out
Also fell in.
All eight drowned.

LIFE AT 103 NOT WORTH THE EFFORT

Life isn't worth living after ninety,
Says Plymouth-born
William Henry Heard,
Celebrating his hundred and third
Birthday.
'Living to be a hundred and three
Just isn't worth while,' he said.
'A man can't dig potatoes or
Go for a stroll.
People say I'm active, but
Believe me, I feel my age.
I've no excuse for living so long.'

Truro, Cornwall. J. L. BUSS



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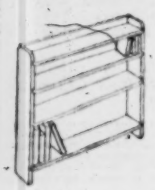

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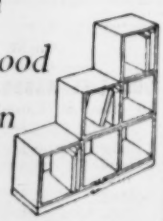

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Books in General

EMILY BRONTE'S poems were first published after her death by her sister Charlotte, who too freely amended and "improved" some passages and edited the punctuation; and until the publication of Dr. Hatfield's Columbia University Press edition in 1941 no editor had gone to Emily's own manuscript notebook. This remains the authoritative text. Mr. Philip Henderson acknowledges his indebtedness to the Columbia edition, but has himself re-examined the manuscript, retaining Emily's own punctuation (which the Columbia edition corrected here and there), and his edition* is as good as any reader whose purpose is the enjoyment of the poems need wish for. All the poems appear in chronological order, so that no distinction is made between the Gondal poems, written around Emily's daydream fantasy world, and those written in her own person. This seems justified, for although in making her fair copy Emily herself had separated them, the same imagination speaks through all. The Gondal fantasy is only scaffolding, lying as it does uneasily between the ancient history of which the Border Ballads are the distillation of racial memory, and the projection of personal fantasies into invented characters and situations. It is a pity that Emily Bronte was not born farther north, because Yorkshire, though akin in climate and scenery to the Border country and Scotland, lacks the long imaginative retrospect. The Gondal Glenedens and Douglases are degenerate distant cousins of the real Douglases and Percys, and the characters as such have little interest; they are merely the carriers of feelings and passions. Yet while it is true that the worst poems—those nearest to Sir Walter Scott—are from Gondal, the reverse is not true. Many of the finest are put into the mouths of the "fighting gentry" of Gondal and their Byronically passionate ladies:

> Cold in the earth, and fifteen wild Decembers
> From those brown hills have melted into spring
> Faithful indeed the spirit that remembers
> After such years of change and suffering.

> Sweet Love of youth, forgive if I forget thee
> While the World's tide is bearing me along:
> Sterner desires and darker hopes beset me,
> Hopes which obscure but cannot do thee
> wrong.

It is difficult to read these lines and not to believe that the cry is wrung from personal experience. Most women poets have been able to express only what they themselves have felt. Gaspara Stampa wrote like a lady of Gondal, but only about her own grand passion, about which she had no detachment whatever. Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote love poems because she was in love with her husband. But what is unique in Emily Bronte is her power to explore the full range of her capacity for feeling, without actually living the experience. She seems to stand as an exception to the general rule that distinguishes the psychological make-up of men from that of women, as expressed in literature—the rule that men can create whole ranges of *personae* to carry a great variety of feelings and passions, whereas most women can explore only their own, or, as novelists, copy from life. But Emily Bronte's poems, like *Wuthering Heights*, make use of characters as a range of *personæ* created to express passions native to the poet's own mind, without being in any other sense autobiographical.

Most women poets see woman through men's eyes, and assume the character that man has attributed to woman. There is a dark side of the moon that seldom finds expression, that gives a grandeur to the female deities of primitive races, but is seldom encountered in the works of women poets. Few men, with the exception of Robert Graves, have realised the grandeur of the White Goddess, and women have followed suit, since women naturally wish to please. Emily Bronte saw herself through no man's eyes, nor woman's either. It is these two unique qualities—her total truthfulness and her capacity to imagine beyond her own experience—that make her a great writer, whereas even Christina Rossetti remains a memorable minor poet. Emily Bronte's poetry would have been remarkable even had it been written by a man (which can be said of only a handful of women poets in recorded history, a point about which Dr. Johnson was perfectly right). This is not because she possessed a "masculine personality" how lacking in weight and dignity, in comparison with Emily Bronte's womanly independence of soul, is Gertrude Stein's garrulous *animus*, and her anxiety to persuade us that a woman can be what Robert Graves calls an "honorary man." Emily looked unflinchingly at her woman's nature, and did not conceal the ruthlessness, the mutability, or the ultimate unpossessable core that needs no human lover. Since the beginning of history women have been child-murderers, but no other woman has written of the deep feelings of remorse that haunt these ill mothers. Nor is a woman's faithlessness in love a favourite theme of women poets, nor the ambivalence of love and hate. Augusta, the Queen of Gondal, exposed her child in a "lone green dell," seduced and abandoned lovers, and yet could feel with Thel-like tenderness the transience of a bluebell:

> Glad I bloom and calm I fade
> Weeping twilight dews my bed;
> Mourner, mourner, dry thy tears—
> Sorrow comes with lengthened years.

Through these *personae* Emily Bronte, whose nature might have made her a woman of action but whose outward circumstances were as uneventful as those of the sheltered Emily Dickinson, was able to express the emotions that belong to the extremes of human feeling—guilt, passion, death, bereavement, the prisoner's longing for home. She was not content to work over, in fine feminine detail, a limited area of experience. One admires in the poetry of Emily Dickinson the discipline of such deliberate limitation and conscious understatement; but Emily Bronte cared only for the absolutes and extremes that the soul may explore, for charting the full extent of her human potential, not out of sensationalism but with the spiritual adventurousness of the mystic. It is for this reason understandable that she does not identify herself with any of these imagined characters or situations, and that when she speaks without a mask it is quite another self that speaks, much akin to the Self of Vedantic philosophy, a central existent being about which these peripheral passions are projected on to the wheel of existence. Her great poem *No Coward Soul is Mine* voices no Christian piety, but that imaginative illumination that one finds in the poetry of Coleridge or Shelley, the ultimate revelation of all religious philosophies, that has little to do with religion as commonly understood. It is clear than Emily made this discovery unaided and alone.

> O God within my breast,
> Almighty ever-present Deity!
> Life, that in me has rest
> As I, undying Life, have power in Thee!
>
> With wide-embracing love
> Thy spirit animates eternal years,
> Pervades and broods above,
> Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears.
>
> Though earth and moon were gone,
> And suns and universes ceased to be,
> And thou wert left alone,
> Every Existence would exist in thee.
>
> There is not room for Death
> Nor atom that his might could render void
> Since thou art being and Breath
> And what thou art may never be destroyed.

Even if Emily Bronte had herself experienced and enacted the situations she describes, I believe that her detachment would have been the same in kind as that with which she creates and destroys her imagined people; for in her deepest nature she was a philosopher. Shaken by emotions and passions as no doubt she was, Emily was above all the immortal spectator of her own, and of all, temporal existence. Her philosophic grasp of the nature of mutability, the impermanence of all selves and entities, gave her that immovable calm of mind with which she contemplated alike the fates of the Gondal people and the events of her own lifetime, as transient episodes in the process of being and becoming. She was too intelligent to accuse Heaven, as did Emily Dickinson, whenever a flower faded. Her tenderness is without sentiment, and her ruthlessness without guilt. There was perhaps no passion nor action that she would have feared to see as possible to humanity, and to herself—none, at least, that was uninhibited and noble, for she had the purity of all natural phenomena. Perhaps only those women who live, as Emily Bronte did, much alone, can become, or remain, as profoundly truthful as she was; and, by living long in one place, she made the imagery of stormy weather, winter landscape and northern delicate flowers a symbolic medium, whose coherence of imagery poets in this too eclectic age may envy. She combined the independence of the spinster with passionate self-knowledge; and, woman's nature being such that these two points of vantage are almost incompatible, the maintaining of both may have cost the poet her life. It is after all against nature for women to be poets, and it is fortunate that in most the instinct of self-preservation is stronger than ambition. But Emily was driven not by ambition but by her daimon, far beyond the egoism of passion or the stoicism of self-pity, to an enlightenment of the mind that justifies her vocation. It is a miracle that a woman so sen-

* *The Complete Poems of Emily Bronte*. Edited by PHILIP HENDERSON. *Folio Society*. 17s. 6d.

sitive should have escaped the inhibiting influences alike of social and literary conventions that would have curbed the range of feeling and independence of mind that constitute her greatness.

KATHLEEN RAINE

THE IMAGE

See, a twig of holly, that uneasy sprig of life,
lies in the fire's still arms.
A moment's pause: her trembling claws curl
quickly round the noisy bundle:
It shrieks in flame. And fades. But each leaf
glows
A whole age, white-rimmed and stark and single,
bright and brimmed with a foundry's power.

More than leaf, and more than fire: thrusting
higher
Than your lowly bush would ever know, you bear
a burning message!
For this is life, and yet is not. And this is death,
yet never is.
The passing draught bites at you, and the ash encumbers: yet you may quietly number
Tall chimneys as they fall.

Brilliant with the blood you've drawn, oh immemorial thorn,
Dark as the dark heart where your tongues found
food!
You are the awe-inspiring lie that's always true,
The labour ever wasted, in crumbling caves you
lasted,
Became our one unrusted, unsuspected heritage.

A rustle of thin dust along the hearth; see, how
chlorophyll and prickles perish.
Only an image still persists:
a forest fire against a forest's darkness.

D. J. ENRIGHT

POEM AS ABSTRACT

"To write about a tree . . . you must first be a tree": from an article by W. R. Rodgers in these pages.

A poem is less an orange than a grid.
It hoists a charge; it does not ooze a juice.
It has no rind, being entirely hard.

All drumming yards and open, it asserts
That clouds have way upon them, and that hills
Breast into time behind the singing struts.

A sheer abstraction, apt upon the grass
Of London parks, has emulated oak
And aped the ramage that it could surpass.

That construct ribbed with wire across a quern
Is caging such serenity of stress
As boughs, or fruit that breaks them, cannot learn.

For gods are gathered from the styles they wear,
And do they curl, a fœtus in a fruit,
Or, like Orion, pinned upon the air?

II

No trowelled matron but a rigger's mate,
The pile-high poet has no time to brood.
He steps the mast; it does not germinate.

Not for ingestion but to frame the air
He flies the spar that even winter's tree
In green ambition cannot make so spare.

The orange dangles, drops, and comes again.
To make a fruit he has to *be* a fruit,
A globe of pulp about a pip of pain.

But tip-toe cages lofted in a day
(To make a grid he has to *make* a grid)
Have come unprecedented and to stay.

If poems make a style, a way of walking
With enterprise, should not a poet's gait
Be counties-wide, this stride, the pylon's stalking?

DONALD DAVIE

THE SECOND HELPING

The Geography of Hunger. By JOSUE DE CASTRO. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

"Whatever land man has occupied," says Dr. de Castro, "has been transformed into a land of hunger." True, he makes an exception in favour of "the palaeontological deposits of the most primitive human groups," whose fossilised skeletons "do not show signs of dietary deficiencies." But "hunger and war arrived when man had reached a stage in culture when he began to accumulate reserves, and to defend his collected wealth." The geography of hunger, then, is easy to depict—you take a modern globe and paint it black. Most of this damage, you will learn, has been done by the Western Europeans—particularly by the English, who appear as the Bad Angels; to be sharply distinguished from the Portuguese, and occasionally the Spanish, who appear as the Good Angels.

"How, then," you will ask, "have the Bad Angels been able to accomplish this stupendous task?" The answer is "Everyhow." The countries they have settled in, they have devastated; the countries they have left alone, they have neglected. They are blamed equally for declines of population, and for its increases. Western agriculturists are castigated alike for their failure to apply greatly increased quantities of chemical fertilisers to the Eastern soils, and for failing to recognise the views of Sir Albert Howard, who considered (as we all know from our composting friends) that such things are poison. It is even suggested at one point that "there should be a combination of the practices preached by the two groups." This is accompanied by a passionate denunciation of the Chinese for "fertilising the fields with human waste"; as a result of which, we are informed, "several million people die every year."

To hunger, we are told, may be due "the beardless faces and the smooth feminine complexions of Chinese men." You would think that for this, at least, the Western Powers were not to be held responsible. But you would be wrong. "The great western powers, joined in 1895 by imperialist Japan, have worked to keep China in a state of semi-feudal agrarian backwardness favourable to their colonial designs." In India, they—or at any rate the English—have done worse. It is admitted that "the English did not invent Indian starvation." But "they did everything they could to preserve it." "They tended and perpetuated starvation and the other elements of medieval feudalism in the sacred interests of colonial imperialism."

It will be seen that the Bad Angels have had a busy, not to say a wearing time.

These excesses, joined to the somewhat unctuous claim that all this is a purely objective examination, with no passion save a passion for the truth, make it difficult to extract from the book the undoubtedly interesting views which the author puts forward, and to appreciate the great load of information amassed to support them. Even this information, however, is not always reliable. It is simply not true that the forests of the Gold Coast are, "on their way to extinction"; unless one treats the phrase as a flourish rather than as a sober statement of fact referring to any approximate date. And the assertion that the ten-million-ton annual world production of fish could be increased "dozens of times over," goes beyond even the limits of flourishes.

This book has to be taken for what it is: a highly coloured, rhetorical exercise, on the theme that there is plenty for all. The author is faced with more formidable opposition than he is willing to admit. There are the carefully considered views of writers such as Julian Huxley, doubtful whether the whole future of the world should be risked upon the proposition that reproduction will not only slow down, as the standard of living rises, but will slow down forthwith—and that, faced in the teeth of the evidence of the middle classes in the Victorian era. There are also the views of, say, Michael Roberts, in his sombre last testament *The Estate of Man*. Fifteen acres of planetary surface to each of us—even at this very moment—five acres of it forest or jungle, four acres dry desert, two acres of semi-arid land, and two acres of polar snow—and four acres of fertile land needed to maintain even the present standard of Western living.

At present, of this little plot, each of us is losing an acre every ten years. It is useless to try to brush these facts aside by reference to "the mind of a Vogt . . . to whom the world is a cocktail party for specially invited guests, not a mass celebration in the streets where you are elbowed in the crush and have your toes stepped on." What Julian Huxley and Michael Roberts have in mind is not so much a mass celebration in the streets, as the sort of crush which occurs in an over-crowded theatre, with insufficient exits, when the cry goes up of "Fire."

Are there then other avenues of escape? There are. Some of them are indicated in the concluding chapters of this book—steps to greater production. But if the thesis of the preceding sections is admitted, that the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked—industrial man, peasant man, imperialist man; man, that is to say, as he has been known for forty generations, and over all the continents—then it is doubtful indeed whether he will be able to grasp the gospels enunciated by Dr. de Castro, or, having grasped them, to put salvation into effective practice.

WALTER ELLIOT

THE TOVE

Donald Francis Tovey. By MARY GRIERSON. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

Even in his own lifetime Donald Francis Tovey, "the most learned musician that ever lived," was a mythical figure, and now, twelve years after his death, his story is as overlaid with legend and devotion as the life of some early Christian saint. One is the more grateful to Dr. Mary Grierson, the faithful associate of his Edinburgh years, for a lucid and well-ordered biography based chiefly on his letters and the letters of those who knew him.

Tovey was born at Eton in 1875, the son of a clergyman and a charming vague mother with a gift for nonsensical story-telling. At five, he met his fate in the person of Miss Sophia Weisse, who kept a girls' school at Englefield Green. On her knee at the pianoforte he piped up not the tune, but the inner part of the music in front of her. She at once recognised his potentialities and took over his musical education, and indeed his whole life, for she never ceased to dominate him, and succeeded in outliving him by four years. With her great abilities and privileges (she knew all the notable musicians of the day) she was able to give him the exceptional musical education he needed, but, although his father was a master at Eton, he never went to school. The terms were spent at "Northlands" with Miss Weisse, and the legend is that in his teens he talked about "another girl and I." He grew up fatally conditioned to eccentricity.

But his childhood was radiant. He was taken to concerts and festivals, all his pocket-money went on miniature scores; at eight he was composing "in full sonata form," at twelve he was writing a concerto "to surprise Miss Weisse." The great Joachim, friend of Schumann and Brahms, came to Eton to convince his parents of his talents and inquire about the progress of his general education. There are endless stories of the phenomenal memory; the long study learned by heart *backwards* at twelve owing to a misunderstanding, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony memorised from score in the train at thirteen. At nineteen he gave his first public recital with Joachim at Windsor, and the same year he went to Balliol on a classical scholarship.

Here natural charm made many friends for "the Tove," and his time was spent making music with them. We read of the dilemma of his examiners faced with an outstanding philosophy paper and a complete disregard of the set books. They com-

promised by giving him a Third. The next two years were a preparation for his London debut, and in 1900 he made his appearance as pianist and composer at a series of concerts in St. James's Hall. He was acclaimed a fine pianist, his compositions had a mixed reception, but his analytical programmes brought a storm of vituperation. The friendship of Joachim and Casals and the esoteric atmosphere of the semi-private concerts at "Northlands" brought out the xenophobia always lurking near the surface of English musical politics. There were concerts in London and Oxford, Berlin and Budapest, but in 1914 he took refuge from the hostility of the critics and the domination of "Northlands" by accepting the Chair of Music at Edinburgh which he held until his death in 1940.

Here was an outlet for all his activities: he lectured, wrote, composed, played and organised chamber and orchestral concerts. A local hierarchy was established, and the first students initiated into his way. He found great consolations: the eventual protection of marriage to Clara Wallace, the friendship of Sir Herbert Grierson and his colleagues, the loyalty of the local musicians. There were visits from his friends, Casals, the Busches, Dr. Schweitzer and R. C. Trevelyan, which occasioned Parnassian music-making and unforgettable dinner-parties where he poured out an endless stream of wisdom and nonsense in Balliol-French and Balliol-German to a puzzled but always devoted audience. He founded the Reid Orchestra and became an impassioned if unconventional conductor, but he fought a losing battle with a public that liked its music popular and undissected. In the vacations there were concert tours in Europe and America, and long leaves of absence to restore the always delicate health. His opera *The Bride of Dionysus* was produced at Edinburgh, and Fritz Busch promised a Glyndebourne production. Casals played his 'cello concerto and wrote, "*le 22 novembre sera la plus importante date de ma vie de musicien.*" But the honours and recognition accorded to Tovey by his own countrymen were for the musicologist only. The realisation that his own music was not wanted, the loss of his hands through arthritis, and the wartime isolation of his Norfolk home, led to increased ill-health and his death in 1940.

Dr. Grierson's devotion occasionally obscures her objectivity, and one could dispense with the details of local musical politics and the pious anecdotes of the last chapter; but the whole is a fitting memorial to the great man whose unique contribution to musical thought is now universally recognised. The merits of his compositions will be judged by posterity.

MARGARET READ

BLACK MAGIC INTO WHITE

The Millennium of Hieronymus Bosch. By WILHELM FRÄNGER. *Faber.* 42*s.*

In the Prado hangs that triptych of Hieronymus Bosch which is called "The Garden of Earthly Delights", and which in this exciting book Dr. Fränger renames "The Millennium"—the era of primal innocence. To the left, God presents Eve to Adam, to the right is a hell of fire and ice and demons, in the centre is that strange intricate garden of naked men and women in a medley of enigmatic actions of gentle, and yet not active, eroticism. Have this, and the other fantastic paintings by Bosch, a "meaning"? Meaning may be an ambiguous word. If Bosch paints this hell or this paradise of dainty devices, if he constructs demons out of a brilliant combination of disparate animals, if he makes a hell-monster with a cracked egg for a body and a dead tree for each of the legs, which end not in a foot or a shoe, but in a boat locked into a frozen sea, if a naked man carries a huge strawberry to a naked girl seated on the viridian turf in an arbour of fruit trees, can these symbols be interpreted rationally or was this medieval artist giving the entire loose to his irrationality?

We all know what the answers have been. We have lived through an odd time with Ensor, Ernst, Dali, Tanguy, the psyche analysed, and the Museum of Modern Art, and we have made Bosch into a popular artist, a godsend or devil-send of the enigmatic. Devil-faker, black magician, surrealist exemplar; or else, no matter what his pictures are about, or what they are, don't they fit, in such and such a way, into the *development* of landscape or genre? According to Berenson, the "mild nastiness" of Bosch diverts the sympathy which his decorative abilities would otherwise win. Friedländer calls him "a victim and plaything of demoniac powers", an artist of "maniacal glee." Sir Kenneth Clark talks of his "phantasies of the unconscious", and his "expressionism" (the art of the individual) by which he is linked to "Van Gogh, Ernst, Sutherland and Walt Disney". We have all played this game, publicly or privately. We can all now take a rapping from Dr. Fränger, who says "It did not occur to anyone that the incomprehensibility of the images might be caused by the beholder's lack of comprehension."

An extraordinary lack of comprehension, let us admit, since elaborate symbolism is the mode of medieval being; and since the medieval artist does not paint for himself like a romantic individualist, and since, as Dr. Fränger also says, each of Bosch's infernal nightmares is counterbalanced "by an impeccable anchorite, or by Mt. Ararat, or by the Garden of Eden." Herkules Seghers could in the same way be interpreted romantically and individually as a pure artist of ruination by anyone who cared to overlook in his ruined landscapes the counterbalancing patch of the human—the field, church, village, or windmill. Fair, then, to emphasise that Bosch's "central idea really lies in the ideal scenes", to insist that the symbols can be interpreted, and to ask who it was that commissioned the Prado triptych; and fair to look for the solution in the needs and beliefs of an esoteric cult underneath the Catholicism of the fifteenth century—for this altar-piece could have fitted no orthodox altar.

In brief, Dr. Fränger postulates that Bosch painted the triptych for, and as a member of, a sect of Adamites, the *Homines Intelligentiæ*, who were part of a wide movement of subjectivism and mysticism which spread through the German and near-German world. Those who subscribed to this movement forerunning the Reformation were called the Brothers and Sisters of the Free Spirit. A Carmelite friar, one of the heads of the *Hommes Intelligentiæ*, was tried at Brussels in 1411, some eighty years before Bosch painted the triptych. Dr. Fränger uses the detailed indictment in his interpretation. He shows how the sect made much of Paradise and a paradisaical eroticism in its tenets, how these blended a nature philosophy, a pantheistic sense of nature, with Christian dogma; and with this esoteric knowledge, he maintains that the chief panel is a sanctification of angelic love, of an "eros focussed on the ideal image of our first parents." Exit the black magic and the maniacal glee to make room for an illumination of spiritual liberty. The triptych becomes a millennial image, immensely complex, of the ideas of chastity and sinless sexual love which was the *ars amandi* of the Brothers and Sisters of the Free Spirit, translated pictorially into their secret code of symbolism.

I find, I think any reader will find, that the application and revelation make sense. They are basically convincing, and they allow for the psychological peculiarity of the artist. However, in the detailed re-translation of the symbols, there is much to swallow. Dr. Fränger gets drunk with Nature's symbolic cryptography. It is not always clear when he speaks from evidence or from intuition, he gives next to no references by which one could check his findings, and he sometimes uses evidentially one item or another of knowledge which Bosch could not have known (the botanical kinship of strawberry to rose, for instance, so that strawberries belong to "the botanical retinue of Aphrodite"). Sometimes he is blinded by his ideas to what Hieronymus Bosch actually painted, or encouraged by them to

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see into the picture what cannot be seen, at least with certainty. The identification of objects is sometimes dubious (pineapples—there was not a pineapple in Europe at the date of the picture). Indeed, if I were to explain the Canarian dragon tree on the left panel, the sub-tropicality of the garden, and the volcanic hell on the right, by pronouncing that Bosch must have travelled from Hertogenbosch to Tenerife, it would be more reasonable than some suppositions which Dr. Fränger offers as fact.

An American art spy would have listed the symbols in the triptych, one by one, and rightly. Dr. Fränger picks and chooses and leaves as many unexplained as explained; yet if the book needs to be read with a little Anglo-Mediterranean sense and needs lifting from a German over-ripeness and too-muchness, probably this illumination of Bosch could only have come from a compatriot of Agrippa, Paracelsus, Boehme, Novalis and Goethe, so we must not complain. There is no doubt at all that it reveals in Bosch a new extent and depth of imagination.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

MARX'S FOURTH VOLUME

Theories of Surplus Value. By KARL MARX. Selections, translated from the German by G. A. BONNER and EMILE BURNS. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 25*s.*

Marx's plan of *Capital* called for a last part dealing with the history of economic thought from the middle of the seventeenth century. He died in 1883, having published only one volume and leaving an enormous mass of unfinished manuscript (equivalent to more than 3,000 ordinary printed pages) for Engels to cope with. In the remaining twelve years of his life, Engels brought out Volumes 2 and 3 of *Capital* and was about to begin work on the fourth volume at the time of his death. The work of editing now passed into the hands of Karl Kautsky, who soon concluded that he would be unable to carry out Engels's intention of culling a fourth volume, on the history of theory, out of the remaining manuscript. Instead, Kautsky decided to publish a work parallel to *Capital* under the title (taken from a very long section of Marx's manuscript) of *Theories of Surplus Value*. This appeared in four volumes during the years 1905-1910.

The first volume of *Theories of Surplus Value* starts with Sir William Petty and covers, partly chronologically and partly topically, the period up to Ricardo. The emphasis here, of course, is on the Physiocrats and Adam Smith. The second and third volumes (in the German edition they are called Parts 1 and 2 of Volume 2) deal mainly with Ricardo, though there are long digressions on Rodbertus's rent theory and on the theory of crises, and shorter digressions on other subjects. The last volume, which is the longest, deals with Malthus and the post-Ricardians; its primary emphasis is on the dissolution of classical political economy and the rise of what Marx called vulgar economics.

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Since its publication in German, *Theories of Surplus Value* has been translated into many languages. There are, I am told, two complete translations in Japanese, and a new French translation is being prepared to take the place of the quite unsatisfactory Molitor translation which has had considerable currency in Britain and the United States. Until the publication of the work before us, there had been no translation of any kind in English, a fact which not only reflects but emphasises the relative backwardness of the English-speaking countries in everything that has to do with Marx and Marxism. I need hardly add that English is by far the most logical language for a translation, since most of the work deals with English authors and the quotations which make up a large proportion of the text can be presented in their original form only in an English translation.

The selections which are now published by Messrs. Bonner and Burns are taken from the first three volumes and constitute approximately one-quarter of the whole work. First come a number of short chapters on early English writers (Petty, D'Avenant, North, Locke, Hume, Massie, and Steuart), next the Physiocrats, then Adam Smith, then Ricardo (omitting rent) and, finally, crises. The whole of the last volume is omitted. The selections are made on the principle of including or excluding whole chapters, no attempt having been made to cut out material within the individual chapters. There is no doubt much to be said for this principle, but I cannot help thinking that a more readable and useful volume could have been produced by a more discriminating system of cutting which would have permitted the inclusion of material that is now omitted. There is little doubt in my mind, for example, that the brilliant section on Malthus should have had priority over much that is included, though perhaps not at the expense of any of the entire chapters.

But this is a matter of judgment which in no way detracts from the value of what Messrs. Bonner and Burns *have* done. The translation is on the literal side, which I think is as it should be, even though it does not make for easy reading. The quotations and sources have been very carefully checked, and in this respect there is no question that the book is more accurate than the Kautsky original.

There is, unfortunately, no possibility of discussing the content of such a work in a brief review. I can only say that *Theories of Surplus Value* not only complements and completes *Capital*; it is also an extraordinarily fascinating and stimulating work in its own right. I hope that the publication, in this exemplary form, of these extensive selections will whet the readers' appetite for the whole work, a complete translation of which is now being prepared in the United States.

P. M. SWEEZY

NEW NOVELS

Martin Merriedew. By MARY BORDEN. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Happy Valley. By JULES ROY. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Little Men Big World. By W. R. BURNETT. *Macdonald.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Moses. By SHOLEM ASCH. *Macdonald.* 15*s.*

"Mr. Wyon Wolfchild's new book," one reads on a dust jacket, "is a worthy successor to his first successful novel, which the *Accrington Argus* describes as 'competent and honest.'" And having read this, the experienced reader instantly replaces Mr. Wyon Wolfchild's new book on the shelf, knowing that "competent and honest" is a reviewer's convention for describing the unreadable. In current usage "competence" is not so much shameful in itself as possessed of dubious associations, like a male corset. In fact, in the ordinary run of fiction it is true that it often seems a rather dull quality, dull in its distribution over the work of people with familiar names of the second or third order of importance—our best-known novelists being, happily, sufficiently distinguished to suffer attacks of incompetence almost approaching in severity those suffered by Dostoevski, Proust or Scott, and the ruck not aspiring to competence at all.

Competence is the highest common denominator of the four novels under review, three of which are by well-known practitioners; the fourth, although in fact a first novel, seems also to have been formed by a practised hand. One might, indeed, have suspected *Martin Merriedew* of competence before ever opening it, since Miss Mary Borden, being a very good story-teller, highly professional, straightforward and unaffected, is precisely the kind of writer with whom competence is associated. I have always admired her books, and I found the opening of *Martin Merriedew* a very fine example of highly organised narrative, establishing the background of a great country house, and the arrival, dazzling the two children of the family, of a remarkable little boy, beautiful and dominating, a child-prophet, a creative and destructive personality. This is, in fact, the eponymous hero, whose career we follow through the perceptions of one of the two children—the girl Barbara—through his childhood at home and in the local school, his career as a medical student, doctor, faith-healer, and itinerant preacher. Martin, we are to understand, may be a saint; if saintliness could be measured by the devotion and hostility which it arouses, there would be no doubt about it. Many of his actions have a kind of saintly ambiguity; finally, he is tried for treason on account of acts which he is alleged to have committed on war-service in North Africa. Much of this build-up, which places Martin consistently in an ambivalent light, now generous and bold, now malignantly dotty, is beautifully done.

It is somewhere in the course of the trial that Miss Borden eschews competence; trying for something large, she fails awkwardly, if also with dignity. Both the character and the situation of Martin Merriedew are very well conceived, but his trial fails to elucidate in a sufficiently explicit manner the critical events in which he took part. Merely as an account of a trial it is not altogether adequate, not merely because there are loose ends but because these loose ends are vitally important to the verdict. An exceedingly ambitious novel, *Martin Merriedew* does not quite come off, but it is impressive both in its competence and in the way in which, at critical times, it courageously abandons the safe highway.

Happy Valley, a novel about the Air Force, comes with warm recommendations from M. Albert Camus and also from Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby, wartime Deputy-Chief of Bomber Command. As a novel it has interest in being about the French aircrews who flew with the Royal Air Force, but only occasionally does it give us the special illuminations about our own country which might have been expected from this circumstance. For the rest the material is mostly familiar to British readers, to whom bomber aircrews were the domesticated front-line personnel. We had in any case the advantage of seeing *Target for To-night*, which considerably stimulated the imagination. *Happy Valley* is a literary *Target for To-night*, a book about the sufferings, the fears, the splendours and miseries of the men who carried out the routine of the heavy bombers. What is unfamiliar is what was special to the French, with their sense of exile, their loneliness, their feelings about the capitulation, about hostages, the Gestapo, and the Resistance, and their unique degree of independence within the machine of the Royal Air Force. On the whole, however, what is new to us in this book is very much outbalanced by what is not new, and while *Happy Valley* is well written, and is written with deep feeling, with restraint—and also with something to restrain—it is not hard to understand why readers in France should, quite legitimately, see more in it than readers in this country.

Mr. W. R. Burnett is the very apotheosis of the competent, and his new book shows what competence at its highest can achieve. Here again the background is familiar, at least to readers of Mr. Burnett's earlier novels, such as

Little Cæsar or *The Asphalt Jungle*. A biggish small town in the Middle West or thereabouts; an organisation running gambling and what the Americans so oddly call "vice"; an ex-crime reporter who has graduated as a columnist; and the clash between them—that is the set-up. Laconically elaborated as Mr. Burnett does it, it gives one a dramatised Kefauver Report, without any nonsense about "startling revelations," but with a smoothness, speed, and even subtlety which are really admirable. Mr. Burnett seems to me in this book, as always, to be a long way ahead of nearly all his rivals. Not only are his characters real, but you can tell them apart; and they are even quite like people that one has met. He does not display the seriousness and the moral judgment which Mr. John O'Hara disposed in *Appointment in Samarra*, but as an "entertainment" in this well-known genre *Little Men Big World* would be hard to beat.

Yet some people, I have no doubt, will prefer *Moses*. This is the first novel by Mr. Sholem Asch I have read, but it would appear from the jacket that it is not the first Biblical story that he has tackled. Here he has stuck closely to the text, elaborating in a reasonable manner and filling in the gaps. The advantages of this method to a novelist are obvious: no plot to bother about. The disadvantage is, however, also obvious, and becomes rather painfully obvious as soon as one has got really launched on the story, and it has begun to flow past not only in Mr. Asch's pages but also in one's own recollections. There can be no surprises.

My own recollections of the story of Moses were old and far from fresh, and they were reawakened, not to sympathy, but to a kind of incredulous distaste. Had we come all the way for *this*—to find only a maniacal leader with delusions of grandeur, who might very well have scourged our own century? Incidents, moreover, to which one is at any rate accustomed in the Biblical version, and which for all I know may have been adequately presented by scholars to the modern understanding, become sadly incomprehensible when dealt with by Mr. Asch. If Mr. Asch is to do the explaining, I feel, such incidents as the worshipping of the Golden Calf are in the class of things better not explained. *Moses*, however, is far from being an unreadable book; in its own way it is a very competent piece of writing indeed, and it rises to, even if it does not sustain, a note of heavy dignity.

J. D. SCOTT

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Sherwood Anderson By IRVING HOWE. *Methuen*. 15*s*.

One day in November 1912, in the small Mid-western town of Elyria, a thirty-six-year-old paint manufacturer called Sherwood Anderson said to his secretary, in the middle of dictating a letter, "My feet are cold and wet. I have been walking too long on the bed of a river." Then he left the office and walked out of the town. For four days he wandered aimlessly about the Ohio countryside, until he collapsed. When he recovered, Anderson went to live in Chicago. He had spent most of his life in the country towns of the Mid-West, and they were to provide him with the material for his best books, but he never lived in them again. He also gave up his solemn ambition to be a rich business man. The bitch-goddess Success was to be spurned, for the time being at any rate.

The incident is famous. Mr. Howe, whose book is the latest addition to the new American Men of Letters series, shows that it has become a great American legend, of the artist and his stern choice, as confused and confusing as the legends of Chatterton or Gauguin. Anderson encouraged it: he always enjoyed melodramatising the details of his past. But the breakdown itself was genuine enough and you cannot blame Anderson for trying to hide the inner disunion that lay immediately at the back of it. In Elyria, Anderson had been writing in secret for several years; in Chicago, he began to meet literary people and to look for publication. Whatever the reasons for his change of life, it was obviously important and necessary and good. Mr. Howe thinks it was accidental and that Anderson exploited it dishonestly in later life. Then the legend began to come back at him, and that is why he never developed properly as a novelist. When a critic says this sort of thing he is usually careful to let you see how pained he is that his author should have let himself down in such a weak and wilful way. Certainly none of Anderson's later books was as good as *Horses and Men*, which came out in 1923, and the last years of his life (he died in 1941) were painfully anxious and sterile. In a letter to his son Robert, in 1929, he wrote, "I had a world and it slipped away from me," and to his friend Gertrude Stein, ten years later, "What I need, I know, is acceptance of defeat." In an odd way, Anderson has a lot in common with Scott Fitzgerald. Both writers drew feelingly on what seemed to them a fabulous wealth of intense experience—the golden world of the Jazz Age, the rich grotesque life hidden in the little lonely Mid-West towns—and each man discovered too late that the vein was shallower than his talent required. Their absorption in this life was the condition of their success, and the reason for their decline. Mr. Howe's book is shrewd, direct and well informed; yet, by neglecting all this, he convicts himself of a crass failure of affection for his subject.

When Anderson published *Winesburg, Ohio* in 1918, Hart Crane wrote in a review, "America should read this book on her knees. It constitutes an important chapter in the Bible of her consciousness." It is Anderson's most famous book, the only one well known in this country, this collection of casual tales without plots, held together only by a common background and by Anderson's special and profound sympathy with his characters, small town lonelies who have been driven strange and silent by their brave and foolish efforts to lead a feeling life. Wash Williams becomes a misogynist because his mother-in-law, hoping to reconcile him to his faithless wife, thrusts her naked into his room. Elizabeth Willard is frustrated and desperate because she cannot communicate her love for her son; when she dies the 800 dollars she has kept for twenty years to give him his start away from Winesburg is ironically lost. The just returns of these people are what Dr. Reefy in *Paper Pills* calls "the sweetness of the twisted apples." The theme of *Winesburg* is the loss of love; Anderson develops it with great skill and humanity. He never did anything as good again except in the first two parts of the novel *Poor White* and in a number of short stories, especially those in *The Triumph of the Egg*.

Mr. Howe writes very well about these books, which he admires, but when he is writing about the ones he does not like, or about Anderson's life, he falls back on the uncouth jargon of academic sociology or the heresies of hick psychoanalysis. He is very good at sketching in the various environments of Anderson's career: small town life in Ohio at the end of the last century, Chicago literary society in the early days of *Poetry* and *The Little Review*, New York in the Twenties. Characteristically, Mr. Howe is very concerned with "ideas": he remarks that "there was plenty of talent in Chicago; what was lacking was a serious view of the human situation," and he wishes that Anderson (who once spoke of the "inner cold fright" of Van Wyck Brooks) had been a more serious man. It is hard to know what he means, unless this is a confusion of language. In fact, I suspect that many thoughtful writers (especially philosophers and critics) do their thinking, when they do any, in the ordinary idioms of plain speech and are then so appalled at the brief and unimpressive result that they feel impelled to dress it up in a protective covering of solemn language. When this happens in Mr. Howe's book the effect is of an irritable impatience with his very complicated subject. The conviction that human beings are greater than their occasions is one that a critic cannot do without.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

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SHORTER REVIEWS

John Evelyn and Mrs. Godolphin. By W. G. Hiscock. *Macmillan.* 20*s.*

In 1847, nearly 150 years after the death of John Evelyn, the diarist, *The Life of Mrs. Godolphin* was published from a manuscript found among his papers. This pious young lady died at the early age of 26 of puerperal fever, three years after her marriage to Sidney Godolphin; and Evelyn had written her biography both as a tribute to her saintly character and an memory of his own intimate friendship with her on the highest spiritual level over a period of many years. Mr. Hiscock has been allowed access to the surviving Evelyn MSS.—including 1,400 folio pages of Evelyn's own letters to Mrs. Godolphin—and his research puts a different complexion on the relationship.

Margaret Blagge was 17 and a Maid of Honour at the Court of Charles II when she first met the diarist, who was then a married man of 49 and the father of nine children. She was already engaged to Godolphin. But Evelyn fastened on the impressionable young girl, worked on her religious propensities, harping on the singular merit of virginity in the sight of God, and for years did his best to prevent the consummation of the marriage. Except that there is no suggestion that he ever tried to seduce her himself, Evelyn emerges from Mr. Hiscock's hands in the repellent character of a Tartuffe. Much of the book has necessarily to be devoted to supposition and conjecture, but there is documentary evidence enough of Evelyn's amorous approaches in sanctimonious disguise. From this prying monster Margaret Blagge could only defend herself by lying: she married Godolphin secretly and kept Evelyn in ignorance of the fact until a mutual friend betrayed her. As for the husband's part in the strange wrestling-match, even Mr. Hiscock has to discard his attempts at surmise and is content to designate Godolphin as "typically inscrutable."

Boats and Boatmen. By T. C. Lethbridge. *Thames & Hudson.* 15*s.*

Most of such effort as has been devoted to the history of things of the sea has gone to the great ship rather than to the boat or the fishing vessel, and Mr. Lethbridge has plenty of scope for original ideas in his admirable survey, one of a series intended to demonstrate the influence of the past on the things and actions of the present. He is an enthusiast both for boats and for archæology, and makes the most of a fascinating subject. The boats to be seen round the coasts of Great Britain are rapidly changing, and many that were common in the boyhood of people of moderate age are now extinct. Even the Brixham trawler has gone. Actually, these types are more modern than is generally supposed, and some were introduced about the middle of the nineteenth century, when an inquiry ordered by the House of Commons made important recommendations. But though modern in detail, they are, or were, the expression of a long period of evolution not only in this country, but in the north, and in the Mediterranean.

Mr. Lethbridge is inclined to give more weight to southern influence than is usual, and makes a good case for his view. Some of his theories are disputable but they are well argued and almost always supported by good evidence—though surely it is reasonably certain that an Athenian trireme had one man only to an oar, whatever may have happened in the quinquereme? As well as the boats, the beliefs and the superstitions of the fisherfolk are most interesting and are sometimes reflected in the vessel, as in the ocellus, or ship's eye, which appears all over the world and which may be the eye of a god rather than the eye of the personified ship.

The Devil in Massachusetts. By Marion L. Starkey. *Hale.* 18*s.*

The detective, in one form or other, is the hero of our times. He packs his bag and is off behind iron curtain or into dark ages; the mystery of Queen Elizabeth, the South Sea ritual beckons him; his trail after guilt may bring him face to face with drinking habits in Clapham, the accusers of Dreyfus, or mild Shakespeare himself. A photograph of Miss Starkey reveals her in old Puritan habit, having penetrated to the witch dungeon of Salem. A very curious investigation this, and we may pardon the author her little romantic flourish. Upon Salem village in 1692 blew the winds of a madness that had left a ruinous track through Europe. The Devil was abroad; little girls writhed on the floor and shrieked out the names of their persecutors; there were arrests of witches (and a few wizards), examinations, condemnations, trials, hangings by the score; and then the uproar died down, people began to put up monuments to those they had so recklessly murdered.

Miss Starkey tells the story in detail, in the light of new facts and Freudian findings. Fierce Calvinism gave a lure even to damnation, and for a while not to believe in the Devil became the worst blasphemy. Hysteria brought up a fine crop of cats and rats, broomsticks, night wandering shapes, emanations squatting on beams in the court-house, poppets and deadly influences. The witches used to park their broomsticks in Parris's garden: their orgies (according to confession) were singularly prim. Half the fascination of these events lies in their restriction to a tiny community, quickly diabolised out of recognition; and at the same time we are made dreadfully aware of the similar persecutions, witch hunts and slaughters of our own unhappy times: political Calvinism has provided in the last two decades Salems by the score and the hundred. Miss Starkey conducts her investigation with a minimum of comment. It is an incredible story, to which she brings just the right mixture of cool reasonableness and later knowledge.

James Ensor. By Roger Avermaete. *Rockcliff.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

James Ensor. By Libby Tannenbaum. *Museum of Modern Art.* $4.00.

There was something of an old woman about Ensor. Indeed, it was probably that which prevented him ever really fulfilling his early, outstanding promise. He tended to be righteously spiteful—as when he painted ENSOR instead of INRI on the cross. Also, and despite his occasional coarseness, he tended to be prudish—he avoided the implications of the flesh either by stripping it to the bone, or by hiding it behind masks and melodramatic carnival clothes. The development of these misanthropic tendencies, and the gradual crabbing of his genius, raise the most interesting questions. Unfortunately, neither of these books follow them up. The British one contains a six-page essay which reads like an obituary notice, and the American text, although far more detailed and biographically comprehensive, only makes some rather exaggerated generalisations about his achievement as a painter, while justifying his bitterness in terms of prophetic, pseudo-existentialist despair.

The British illustrations (1 colour and 24 grey, monochrome plates) are worse than useless. They give no idea of the luminosity of Ensor's paintings nor of the rich tonal quality of his earlier work. In fact, all that can be said for this volume is that it is the first on Ensor to be published here. The American illustrations (109 plates, 8 in colour) are very much better and include some fine drawings and etchings.

America, the Sun is High. By Robert Waithman. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Mr. Waithman's second book on the United States is a disappointing follow-up to the excellent study he wrote before the war. As the *News Chronicle* correspondent in Washington for many years, Mr. Waithman is intimately familiar with America. But he has chosen here to draw a somewhat superficial picture of America's mood and attitude as one of the foremost world Powers at the mid-century. The first section of his book is devoted to a scrappy and haphazard collection of vignettes on a variety of themes including a long-distance coach journey, suburban family life, New York, riding the Santa Fé trail, America's population, child rearing and conversation at a cocktail party. These pieces are too short and too diffuse to make satisfying reading. Perhaps in order to link his material together, Mr. Waithman has inserted from time to time a dialogue in a bar between an Englishman and an American youth who discuss American manners and morals.

The second part contains some material of substance. What kind of man is President Truman? What has been his role as President? What is the work of Congressmen? How has their political power been abused? What is America's attitude to Socialism, Communism, War, to its new responsibility as a world leader? Is Isolationism dead? Do the American newspapers mislead the people? What of MacArthur? Have the American people been led away by hysteria and fear from the democratic idea on which their country was built up? These are some of the issues which are stirring mid-century America and Mr. Waithman discusses them with a facility of style and an absence of apologias. Despite the stupidity, the self-interest, the intolerance and the ignorance which have threatened to kill the American way of life in the last few years, Mr. Waithman concludes that in all that had happened in the last ten years, in the good and bad together, there had been up to now "some solid ground for believing that the world on which the Americans were intent would be more free, more kind, more fair and more secure, promising more to more of the long-scourged human family."

Advertising Expenditure in 1948. By Rodney Silverman. *Newman Neame.* 21*s.*

This factual study of advertising expenditure reaches the conclusion that the amount spent in 1948 on all kinds of advertising was approximately £124 millions, as compared with £103 millions in 1938. Between 1948 and 1950 expenditure on press advertising space increased from £60 millions to at least £90 millions, so that, in 1950, the total expenditure lay between the limits of £170 millions and £185 millions. Even so, it represented only about 1.5 per cent. of the national income as compared with 2.2 per cent. before the war. From Mr. Silverman's elaborate and authoritative analysis one feature of interest which emerges is the considerable switch which has occurred in press advertising as between national and provincial newspapers. In the case of the national papers, advertising expenditure was £12 million in 1948, as compared with £16.7 million ten years earlier, whereas between 1938 and 1948 expenditure in provincial and suburban newspapers rose from £14.4 millions to £23.2 millions. The explanation is, of course, to be found in the relatively

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greater contraction of advertising space in national newspapers under the impact of paper shortage. In national newspapers the 1948 advertiser was paying per column-inch about three times as much as before the war, but he was reaching a considerably larger number of readers.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,150

Set by Brenda Hewitt

The usual prizes are offered for a lament (of not more than 14 lines) for the three-ha'penny London bus fare. Entries by March 18.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,147

Set by C. Urchin

The usual prizes are offered for an extract (not more than 150 words) from one of the following: Mrs. Pepys's Diary, Johnson's Life of Boswell, *Patmore in the House* by Mrs. Coventry Patmore, Mr. Beeton's Cookery Book, the Letters of Lord Chesterfield *fils* to his father, the Coy Mistress to Andrew Marvell.

Report by C. Urchin

The Coy Mistress (by far the most popular with competitors) turned out to be either a caustic young lady with other and less tangled prospects, or a single-minded girl with the wedding ring in view. Those who elected the first had the difficult task of matching wits; and in this, needless to say, the successes were only approximate. Harry Broadbent began well, before tailing off:

If life were brief and did not stay
Beyond the limit of a day
Then you for love would surely pine
From half-past-eight to ten-to-nine:
How inconvenient this would be
For what you want to do to me! . . .

It is always, I suppose, unless one works backwards, easier to start than to finish; and the simple riposte also had good beginnings—for example, Colin Watson's

Dear Mr. Marvell, In reply
To that which now with Mum doth lie,
I feel thou needst to be corrected;
The sort of thing thou hast expected
May sound quite nice in poetry,
But "fair words" do not wash with me . . .

Among the others, Mrs. Pepys and Mr. Beeton found most adherents: the first tended to be rather too particular, and the second jocose. Patmore in the House excited little eloquence, Johnson was dull, and young Chesterfield impertinent.

I recommend that a First Prize of four guineas be divided between L. E. J., Pauline Phillips and W. M. S. (address, please) and a Second Prize of two guineas between S. L. A., Joyce Johnson, R. S. Jaffray and Joyce Taylor. Runners-up: Desmond Cooper and and Subandra Ghosh.

HIS COY MISTRESS TO ANDREW MARVELL

Nay, 'tis not Time you want, but art
To captivate a woman's heart;
For he who would his Lady win
Marks not the dew upon her skin,
Nor tells her, with offence the more,
That she transpires at every pore.
Think you a woman sees no taint
In him who calls her honour quaint?
And what rough wooer, who affirms
That her virginity to worms
Must given be, shall dare complain
If she be coy, and coy again?

L. E. J.

I am not coy, but think it dull
To sport with an M.P. from Hull.
Provincial poet, leave your plea;
Only the best will do for me.
In Good King Charles's golden days
A nymph may win the Highest praise.
But if I Court such state in vain,
Provincial poet—Try again!

PAULINE PHILLIPS

How clever of you to think of the graveyard. It's indeed a fine and private place. I'll be behind Webster's vault at moonrise.

W. M. S.

CHESTERFIELD FILS TO HIS SIRE

I own, Sir, I am astonished that you should cast Doubt on my Good Breeding. How and where I was bred, you know best; and sure I am not to be blamed if you got no Satisfaction in it. It is still your Vaunt, that "since you had the full Use of your Reason, nobody ever heard you laugh." But I have heard it rather told that the End of your Mirth came pat on the News of my Arrival; and that all Humour died, not when you got full Use of your Reason, but upon your learning of a Notary that you had the full Employment of some less elevated Faculties.

But I am too perfectly your Student (and my own Friend) to tell you this while you live; and therefore may be supposed still,

Your most affectionate, humble, etc. . . .

S. L. A.

MR. BEETON'S COOKERY BOOK

EGG, HOW TO BOIL

1 new-laid egg.
Saucepan of boiling water.
English Hymnal, with tunes.

Place egg in saucepan of boiling water and sing "Onward Christian Soldiers" (E.H.643—Arthur Sullivan's tune) all through for hard-boiled, omit one verse for soft-boiled.

JOYCE JOHNSON

MRS. PEPYS'S DIARY

Lord's Day. My husband, poor gull, minded to take me to Court, promising to bring one acquainted with Knipp and Nell (of whom I know too much already). But I to prepare against to-morrow's washing-day, and do tell him to be ready for a cold dinner. I fear lest he be bent upon similar advancement to that of Mr. Palmer, which God forbid! I have none to call to mine aid but brother Balty, who thinks too much of his muster-master's place to make head against Samuel, who hath enough to trouble him with giving of guns and other stinking fireworks. So to thinking of my new tabby gown, of which I fear I must cut the neck-line lower, to my discontent and indeed shame. What shall be the end of it God knows.

R. S. JAFFRAY

DR. JOHNSON'S LIFE OF BOSWELL

He is a Scotchman; but that he cannot help. Some unfortunate propensities he might have checked and become a better man; it is not in him to be a great one. He writes in a good, plain, *washing-day* manner, well enough for the keeping of records, of

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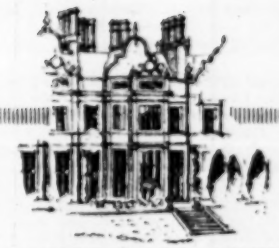

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which he does much. Posterity might hear the reverberation of my talk when it has lost my writings, if Mr. Boswell has the application to continue his work.

He is good company, as some better men and many worse than I have discovered, and I love the man; but he reveals a lack of self-respect in his anxiety to stimulate the wise and amuse the depraved. He is blessed with an excellent wife, only a little over-anxious about such trifles as candle-grease droppings; and Mr. Boswell could not do better than to stay with her, practising the law, and attending to his ancestral lands. He never will attain literary fame greater than his Corsican Tour has brought him.

JOYCE TAYLOR

CHESS: Did Ruy Know the Lopez?

No. 127

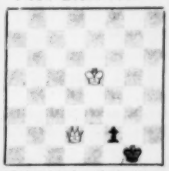
Not so well. It was centuries after his time that most of what we know about his famous opening was discovered; or rather, most of what we should and could know if only we studied some of the literature now available, say, just enough to fill a shelf or two. As for R.L. himself, he seems to have had a very narrow-minded view of his famous (3) B-Kt5; all he saw was the indirect attack on Black's KP, all he was concerned about for Black was how immediately to counter the threat by such moves as (3) . . . KKt-K2 or P-Q3. He did not even consider such promising little moves as (3) . . . P-QR3 or Kt-B3. Nor did, half a century later, the great Greco in whose collected games and analyses I have yet to find one solitary Lopez. His flights of fancy, indeed, were more fanciful and flighty, and it probably serves him right that his name is for ever connected with one of the more dubious counter-gambits rather than something as solidly rocklike as his Spanish predecessor's third move. Even so, Greco's (1) P-K4, P-K4 (2) Kt-KB3, P-KB4!? still deserves the exclamation mark no less than the query; after all, no one has yet properly refuted it, such as, alas, was the fate of Greco's prettiest gambit.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(8) P x P	P x P
(2) P-KB4	P x P	(9) R x R	B x R
(3) Kt-KB3	P-KKt4	(10) Kt-K5 ?!	P x Kt
(4) B-B4	B-Kt2	(11) Q-R5	Q-B3
(5) P-KR4	P-KR3	(12) P x P	Q-Kt2
(6) P-Q4	P-Q3	(13) P-K6	Kt-B3
(7) Kt-QB3	P-QB3	(14) P x P ch	

Here comes the flaw; for if now Black counters (14) . . . K-K2 White's attack will soon peter out. It is only if Black obliges with (14) . . . K-B1 (as they seem to have done during Greco's all too short lifetime) that the flights of fancy could rise even further by (15) B x P!! K-K2 (16) B-Q6 ch, K x B (17) P-K5 ch, K x P (18) P queens, Q x Q (19) Q x P ch, etc. Here, to show that Greco could play "sound" Chess too, is a game the only flaw of which is the somewhat indifferent play of his opponent.

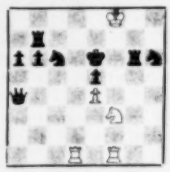
(1) P-K4	P-K4	(11) B x P ch	K-B1
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(12) B-Kt5	B-B3
(3) B-B4	B-B4	(13) QR-K1	Kt-K2
(4) P-QB3	Kt-B3	(14) B-R5	Kt-Kt3
(5) P-Q4	P x P	(15) Kt-K5!	Kt x Kt
(6) P x P	B-Kt5 ch	(16) R x Kt	P-Kt3
(7) Kt-B3	Kt x KP	(17) B-R6 ch	B-Kt2
(8) O-O	Kt x Kt	(18) B-B5 ch!	K-K2
(9) P x Kt	B x P?	(19) R-K1 ch, etc.	
(10) Q-Kt3	B x P		

A: Greco 1619



Here—White to move and win—is one of Greco's most famous studies. Our crack-solvers may well consider it over-rated with 4 ladder-points, but our less experienced competitors will find it most instructive. As for **B**—White to mate in 3—this should be all the more generously rated with 5 points if I add the little hint that Greco's idea was playfully to demonstrate the triumph of spirit over matter. As for **C** though, this may well provide a headache even for our cracks who may consider me relatively stingy in offering 8 points for a flawless analysis (which, in the main variation, should take as much as 20 moves). One interesting point about this position is the author's opinion that, after (1) . . . R-QKt2 (2) Kt-Kt3, P-Q7 (3) R x P, R x Kt Black could force the draw. But over 100 years later (in the *Nuova Rivista*, 1878 to be exact), Centurini proved that the resulting position is a win for White. The question is, how?

B: Greco 1619



C: Ponziani 1769

Usual prizes. Entries by March .

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set February 16

A: (1) R-R8, R-R4, (2) R-R1! R-R1, (3) R-KKt1, followed by R-Kt3.

B: (1) R-R6, K-Kt1, (2) R-Q1!, Q-QB1, (3) R-K1!, P-B5, (4) P-Kt4, etc.

If (3) R-Kt1 ch, Q-Kt2, (4) R-Kt4, K-B1, (5) R x Q, K x R and wins.

If (2) R-Q2?, Q-QB1, (3) R-K2, P-B5, (4) P-Kt 4, P-KB4, (5) P-Kt5?, Q-KR1!!

But if (in the last variation) (5) R-Kt2 ch! Q-Kt2, (6) R x Q, K x R, (7) P-Kt5, and White wins after all.

This last amendment came (as an afterthought) from none less than Dr. Georgy Paros of Budapest, the distinguished Editor of "Soviet Chess Compositions," my source for this study. He wonders if for seeing *every* finesse he now qualifies for the full eight points. He ought to get nine, but at any rate he shares the prizes with E. Allan, C. Sandberg, W. T. Maccall. As for D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, M. Kaye, J. T. Naylor, S. Shapiro, they, too, saw almost every finesse. But no one of us (and that includes me) saw the little "semi-cook" discovered by Dr. Paros.

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CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Miss F. Johnson, N.F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

A SPRING Tonic! Spend a happy weekend at sunny Brighton in handsome Regency Private Hotel; good food, comfortable beds, h. & c. all rooms. A very special welcome to London visitors. Incl. Terms: Friday Dinner to Mon. Breakfast, 2gns. Special Easter Terms 25s. a day. Court House Hotel, Cavendish Place (opposite West Pier), Brighton. (Tel.: 24184 & 240161).

COSSINGTON Guest House, near Bridgwater, Somerset, for a country holiday. Excellent cuisine. Terms 5 to 6gns. in season, 4gns. to May.

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CÔTE d'Azur, Hotel Lubiane, Vence. (1,300ft) 10 mins. from Nice. Full pension, personal attention. £8 p.w. inclusive.

FARM Holidays—Unique book describing Britain's best holiday farms. 2s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide, Dept. NSN., 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

BLUEBELL woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks; simple accom., friendly people, quiet Pennine valley. From 5½gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge.

CORNWALL in Spring plus Castle Rock Hotel, Port Isaac, equals the ideal holiday—why not try it? Incl. tariff Easter July, 6-7gns. High Season, 7-8gns. Write for brochure now! (A.A.-R.A.C.)

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

CORNWALL. Trehirrock Manor & Farm. Spring comes early in this sheltered coastal valley. Jersey cream, farm produce, superb cooking, restful atmosphere. Port Isaac 234.

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HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, Glorious Devon. Board residence, very comfortable house adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Write Mrs. M. Garness "Sea-View."

YOU are sure of a Happy Holiday at the well-known Left-wing Guest House, Netherwood, The Ridge, Hastings. Write B. Kaye, Tel. Baldslow 19.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, E. Sussex.

DEVON & Cornwall. Delightful, inexpensive holidays. Dawlish-Newquay. 1952 illustrated brochure 18 free. Bishop, Fairfield Guest House, Dawlish.

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ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms for children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Ryde, I. of W.

CO. Galway, Clifden. Rock Glen Hotel. Country house touring centre for 12 Bens of Connemara. 16 bedrooms, h. & c. Oliver St. G. Hawksley, proprietor.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Cent. heating. Billiards, library. Fishing, golf, lakes. Comf. and good food. Perm. residents special rates. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. 71.

WORTHING—Home of poet Henley. Highest standard catering, comfort, real individual attention. 5-7gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621. Brochure.

NOW is the time to book for your Spring or Summer holiday! Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, set amidst glorious scenery, offers good food and comfort in friendly atmosphere. Vegans catered for. Member Vegetarian Catering Association. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

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HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

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MSS. neatly, accurately typed. Miss Masterson, 77 Liverpool Rd., Chester.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8474.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

LONDONDERRY. Northern Ireland – Magee University College. Applications are invited for the following posts: (i) Lectureship in Modern History and Headship of the Department. Commencing salary £900 with F.S.S.U. privileges. (ii) Lectureship in Pure Mathematics. Commencing salary £800 with F.S.S.U. privileges. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duty on October 1, 1952. Last date for receiving applications March 31, 1952. Further particulars can be obtained from the Secretary to the Trustees.

LEEDS College of Art. Principal: E. F. Pullee, A.R.C.A., F.S.A.E. School of Drawing and Painting. Applications are invited for the post of Head of the School of Drawing and Painting, duties to begin on September 1, 1952. The post is full-time under the terms of the Teachers' Superannuation Acts, but the person appointed will be expected to maintain his practice as an artist. Salary will be in accordance with the Burnham Technical Scale for Heads of Department, Grade II, £1,000 × £25 – £1,150. Application forms (stamped, addressed envelopes) from the Chief Education Officer, Education Offices, Leeds, 1, to be returned within 14 days of this notice.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited from men or women for appointment to an Assistant Lectureship or Lectureship in the Department of Social Science. Salary scales £450-£550 per annum and £600-£1,150 per annum, respectively, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience. Candidates should have a qualification in Psychology and should either have been employed in industry or have experience of social research. The successful candidate will be required to take up his or her duties in October, 1952. Candidates are invited to give in their applications the names of three referees. Applications should be received not later than March 14, 1952, by the Secretary, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

HOMERTON College, Cambridge. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in History. The post offers opportunities for advanced work. Further particulars from the Secretary. Applics. should reach College not later than March 24.

GRADUATE Master (single 30-45) required for vegetarian school with proportion of maladjusted children. Box 9427.

THE National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs invite applications for the post of General Secretary. While administrative ability is essential and academic qualifications highly desirable, the post is one in which outstanding experience in Youth Work or some comparable field of work will be considered a recommendation. Candidates should be free to travel in the United Kingdom. Initial salary £900–£1,000. Present maximum £1,200. Superannuation – Family Allowances. Apply within one month from the publication of this advertisement to Chairman, National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, 30 Devonshire St., W.1. Particulars of the appointment and application forms will be sent on request.

TIVERTON C.L.P. invites applications for the post of Agent (male or female). Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms can be obtained from Mr. W. Hillman, Willand, Cullompton, Devon, to whom they should be returned by not later than March 25, 1952.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Northern District. Applications invited for post of Organising Tutor Services Education. Salary scale £450–£650. Application form from: W.E.A., 51 Grainger St., Newcastle upon Tyne, 1. Closing date for applications March 25, 1952.

TUBERCULOSIS. London County Council invites applications from persons possessing a Certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science Cert. of a recognised school of sociology and practical experience in social work, for appointment in Public Health Dept. as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser, at Lewisham Chest Clinic. Duties: Social and secretarial work arising from activities of Local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Salary £480 × £30 – £600. Application form from Divisional Medical Officer, L.C.C. Health Offices, 29 Peckham Rd., S.E.5, returnable by March 22, 1952. (196)

APPEALS Organiser and General Secretary required for National Youth Welfare Organisation (Anglo-Jewish). Good salary and prospects offered to capable and experienced man able to act on own initiative under guidance and with support of influential Committee. Experience in public speaking and knowledge of accountancy desirable but not essential. Applications will be treated in strictest confidence. Details to Central Maccabi Fund, Box 9333.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Headships. Day Special School: Shillington Primary School, Shillington St., S.W.11, for 80 educationally sub-normal boys and girls aged 5-12. Applications are invited for appointment as Headmaster or Headmistress on form TS10: Special (TS10C) for candidates who have completed one of these forms since January, 1951, and have nothing to add) from the Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Post vacant now. March unit totals, 1949–240, '50–231, '51–231. Burnham group 3(S). Closing date March 15. Boarding Special School: Pixies Hill School, Boxmoor, Herts, for 140 educationally sub-normal boys aged 8-12. Applications are invited from married couples for positions of temporary Headmaster and Matron. The husband must be a qualified teacher and the wife should have had recent experience of institutional management. Apply on form TS10/Pixies (candidates who have recently applied for joint appointments under the Council need only submit letter of application giving the name of the school for which they previously applied.) Salaries: Headmaster Burnham scale plus two special school increments plus head teacher's allowance for Burnham group 4(S) (Burnham group based on an estimated unit total for March, 1953); Matron – £230 × £15 – £290, plus an addition of, at present, 20%. Free board, lodging and laundry in return for duties outside school hours and at week-ends. Accommodation: a self contained bungalow consisting of 3 bedrooms, 1 sitting-room, bathroom and kitchen. Post vacant now. Closing date March 15. (215)

LADY Superintendent: The Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society Limited invite applications for the position of Resident Lady Superintendent. "Shornells" Guest House, Bostall Heath, S.E.2. "Shornells" caters for educational and social activities including residential week-end schools and has a staff of 14. Situated in many acres of delightful woodland country and possessing modernised and comfortable conditions. The position is permanent and pensionable, with three weeks' annual leave. Only single or widows under the age of 45 years will be considered. Applications, stating age, experience, qualifications and salary required to Staff Manager, 71 Powis St., Woolwich, S.E.18.

NATIONAL Union of Students require (1) Organiser with practical administrative experience to take charge of Vacation Work Department including organisation of Farm Camps; commencing salary £400–£500 p.a. (2) experienced Secretary (female) interested in office organisation and with administrative ability, to look after general office; commencing salary £7 10s. Apply in writing to: General Secretary, N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required immediately. Must hold Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or other qualifications approved by the Association of P.S. Workers. Salary in accordance with the Professional and Technical Whitley Council scale. Write giving full details of age, experience, qualifications and names of 2 referees to P.R.O. Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital, Southall, Middlesex. Closing date 10 days after appearance of this advertisement.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Supervisor required at Remand Home for 20 girls at Newport House, Great Baddow, near Chelmsford, duties include general supervision and instruction in handwork and games. Post offers scope to woman interested in social work and with sympathetic understanding of delinquent girls; experience of girls' club work an advantage. Salary £240 × £12 – £280, less £78 for board and lodging. Additional payment is made for any duties necessarily undertaken in excess of 48 hours a week. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

EXPERIENCED House Mother required to look after a family of girls. Salary £200 p.a., rising by annual increments of £15 to £320 p.a., plus full residential emoluments. Ability to take special responsibility in the supervision of families of girls varying in ages 7 to 14 will carry an additional allowance over and above the normal scale. Application forms obtainable from the Secretary, Jewish Orphanage, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

SUPERINTENDENT and Assistant Worker, C. of E., for Hostel for 12 problem children (girls). Some exper. with children essential. Moral Welfare training if possible. Write: Miss Little, 40 Queen's College Chambers, Paradise St., Birmingham.

HOUSEMOTHER or Asst. Matron wanted end April by Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Bridport. Please write: Principal.

RESIDENT head cook (woman) required for Teachers' training college. 190 resident staff and students. Applications to the Secretary, Froebel Educational Institute, Grove House, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15.

SOLICITOR requires versatile clerk, interested in work, able to type (no shorthand). Articles offered later without premium. Box 9438.

IRVING Theatre Club req. young educated Typist, good at figures and handwriting. Salary £4. Apply 17 Irving St., W.C.2.

COMPETENT shorthand-typist, preferably under 21, wanted for Quaker international work. Apply in writing to Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HANDYMAN (single 30-45) able to teach woodwork, help with maintenance, stoking, driving, required at Vegetarian School with proportion of maladjusted children. Box 9428.

WOMAN, energetic, cheerful, wanted run Hampstead flat. Essential understands children (two, school). Easy atmosphere. Good wages. Resident. Box 9222.

ST. John's Wood. Bachelor's flat requires careful cleaning Monday-Friday mornings. Write Box 9237.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GRADUATE, 26, fluent French/German, driver, seeks work London. March 24/April 21. Anything considered. Box 9194.

TEACHING post Switzerland, preferably Graubunden or pre-e, wanted by English-woman, 12 yrs.' experience Surrey, certificated. Can be interviewed Switzerland until Easter. Box 9249.

WELL-Educated African Gentleman, recent B.A. Social Sciences, experienced organiser, excellent refs., seeks post. All genuine suggestions considered. Box 9264.

SHORTHAND-Typist, thorough knowledge of the Scandinavian languages, German & French, translation experience, seeks interesting part- or full-time post. Box 9334.

GERMAN/Eng. Sec. Shthand.-typ., Eng & Ger. shorthand, sks. job. Box 9281.

SEC., bi-linguist (Eng., Germ.), sht.-typ., educ., work own initiative, lndge. commer./prof. office routine, various interests, sks. congenial permanent posn. Box 9410.

RETURNING to Canada for 6 mths., exp. Secretary (shthnd.-typg.) seeks commissions from firms or individuals to help defray expenses. Wd. undertaken agency, or escort child/young person. Offers: Box 9387.

EXPERIENCED lady secretary (45), no ties, desires post involving travel or would consider residential country post. Box 9300.

EXPERIENCED sec., S.T., free odd half days. ARC. 1765, ext. E.MOU. 1701.

RETIRED Civil Servant, own car, glad of any job where 30 years' driving experience useful. PUT. 1418.

CAN any professional person, or organisation, utilise services of lady Housekeeper-Caterer, retiring from Hospital post? Good Cook, also accounts, correspondence, telephone, etc. Very active. Salary not main consideration, but post for self and mother essential. North of England, or Scotland preferred. Box 9335.

HOUSEKEEPER requires post end May. Country, West, preferred. Box 9185.

FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Leon Fellowship.—Applications are invited for the Leon Fellowship for Research (preferably in the fields of Economics or Education) for the Session 1952-53. The Fellowship is of the value of not less than £500 a year, and is tenable in the first instance for one year. It is not essential that candidates should be members of a University, but they are expected to put forward a programme of research of an advanced character and to produce evidence that they can carry it out. Selected candidates will be required to attend for interview. Further particulars should be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1, and applications for the Fellowship must be received not later than April 1, 1952.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"IMPACT of Rearmament on the Peoples of Western Europe." This vital subject is dealt with comprehensively in the special double number of "Public Finance," devoted solely to this purpose. Published in March, copies at 2/6 each are obtainable from the London representatives, "Public Finance," 88 Dartmouth Park Avenue, London, N.W.5.

CHURCH Street Bookshop, 57 Kensington Church St., W.8. New and secondhand books. Also full stock Everyman's, Penguins and similar editions. Open all day Saturday. (WES. 4014.)

READ the March number of "The National and English Review," with important article by Mr. Richard Law, M.P., and review by Mr. C. R. Attlee, O.M., C.H., M.P., of "The Struggle for Europe," by Chester Wilmot. Obtainable price 2s. at all newsagents and bookstalls or 2s. 3d. from the Publisher, 2 Breams Buildings, E.C.4.

PLEBS March issue includes "Britain's Uphill Battle," by Douglas Jay, M.P.; "The Criminal Tribes of India," by H. T. Klare; "Britain and Her Coal," by Sam Watson; "End of Fair Shares," by J. P. M. Millar; "Red Clune in Perspective," by Howard Fox; "Wonders from Waste," by J. R. Drinkwater; "Workers' Education in the United States," by Bert MacLeech. "Plebs" costs 6d., 7½d. or 7s. per year by post from N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

EXCEPTIONAL service for books on all subjects, specialising on Film. Modern Fiction and all new books. Any new book supplied immediately. C.O.D. if requested. S.A.E. for lists. Bernard Hanison, Ltd. (Dept S/1) 11 Monmouth St., London, W.C.2.

NEW Reign: New Age: New Outlook — "New Vision"—the magazine of Newness. First Issue, Easter, 1952.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. E. D. Williams. March issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

"VEDANTA for East & West," a bi-monthly. Annual subscription 15s. Write to Secretary, Ramakrishna Vedanta Centre, 63 Cromwell Rd., London, S.W.7.

"NEW Central European Observer," 12s. year 40 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & B. Steiner 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

THAT elusive book? Key Books, 2 Worsley Rd., N.W.5, will find it! Secondhand books all subjects. Send stamp for lists.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 354 Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WORLD books bought. Hammersmith Bookshop, Beadon Rd. W.6. RIV. 6867.

GERMAN literature wanted and sold by Continental Book Supply, 38a Whitechurch Lane, E.1. Postal business only.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

THE Journal of Sex Education, a popular scientific journal for the sexual enlightenment of adults, edited by Norman Haire, C.B.M., M.B., 2s. 9d. post free. Annual subscription 12s. 6d. Inquiries with stamped addressed envelope to the Secretary, 96 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. Wel. 7840.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Linguists' Club will be 20 years old this month, thus ceasing to be a teenager. Its present 1,750 members from 41 different countries send hearty Polyglot greetings to its former 20,000 members now dispersed throughout the world.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short term membership: 1 mth., 10/-; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30/-; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, linguistic groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2 (HOL. 5088).

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8847.

CRESCENT Smoking Mixture, the supreme Coltsfoot blend: 2s. 6d. per 4ozs. post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

THE London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Parties. MUS. 8923.

HOGARTH Gallery specialize in built-in furniture, bookshelves to individual requirements. Open all day Saturday. 16a Hogarth Place, S.W.5. FRObisher 3328.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale/hire. Complete range available. Pamlink (N), 28 New Bond St., W.1. MAY. 9905.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 5 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

AMAZING offers. Men's Shirts, men's Socks, men's Sanforized white 2-collar Shirts, double fronted, sizes 1 to 6. A high-grade garment, 19s. 6d. incl. postage. Men's collar-attached spun rayon Shirts, long sleeves, white, blue, green, cream, turquoise, tan, grey, small, medium, large, 16s. 6d. including postage. State second choice of colour; also in half sleeves at 14s. 6d. Men's military grey Socks, warm and comfortable. Also same quality in clerical grey, navy, brown, 4 prs. 12s. 6d. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Keens, 88 Granville Arcade, Brixton, S.W.9.

IT'S real tobacco—rich and mellow. Tom Long's a pal to any fellow.

PARACHUTES. (1) Pure Heavy English Silk, White or Primrose; each panel 36in. × 132in., 5in. at top; 2 panels 15/-, 4 panels 27/-, 6d., 8 panels 52/-, 6d. (2) Nylon Perch, Rose or Light Blue, each panel 36in. × 150in.; 2 panels 20/-, 4 panels 37/-, 6d., 8 panels 72/-, 6d. New Irish Linen Lengths. (1) Natural Sheets (as 6yds. 240in. each, 22/-, 6d.; (b) 6yds. × 92in., each, 25/-. (2) Embroidery, White, 3yds. × 27in., each, 17/-, 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 4 Stoke Newington Rd., N.16.

REMAKING Bedding. We remake and recover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert your mattresses into spring-interior types. Write for further particulars. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

"FUNADEK" frees both hands of busy executives. Free explanatory leaflet of this remarkable telephone conversation amplifier. Funadek (Branson), Ltd., Dept. N, Princess House, Eastcastle St., London, W.1. MUS. 9401/2947.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

2 COTTAGES for Sale, main road near Sherborne. One entirely modernised. Vacant, comprising bedroom, lounge, dining room/kitchen, bathroom, chemical closet. Electricity, h. & c., telephone. Adjoining 2-room cottage let at restricted rent. Large garden. Entire property £1,500. Photo Loudon, TERminus 2450 after 6 p.m.

ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Garden. Christopher Fry's "The Firstborn." Last day at 5 & 8. Alec Clunes. Com. Mar. 14, 7. "The Constant Couple." Hol. 8881.

ARTS. (Tem. 3334.) 7 (ex. Mon.). St. Sun. 5 & 8. "To See Ourselves." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "The Candy Story." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems.

HENRY James. Bolton's Theatre, S. Ken. until March 23. "The High Bid." "Two extraordinarily fine performances in this most distinguished play . . . something that every player should hasten to see and treasure."—Sunday Times. Starring Hermione Hannen, Hugh Burden. Next production: World Premiere, Jane Austen's "Lady Susan," starring Alan Wheatley. Club Mems., 5s. Restaurant. Bar. Box Office KEN. 7544.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 7.30 (ex. Mon.). Sun. 5.30. "Princess Zouboroff." "Brenda Dean Paul—the majestic." D. Mail. Mems. 5s.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 10.30 (ex. Mon.). Sun. 8.30. "Irving Revue." "Great fun from start to finish." News Chron. Mems. 5s. yr.

"AN Evening with W. Somerset Maugham," arranged in association with the Author Constance Cummings reading "Before the Party," first act of "Caroline," by the Tavistock Repertory Company, and a discussion between Lionel Hale, E. Martin Browne and Val Gielgud at St. Pancras Town Hall (opposite St. Pancras Station) on Wednesday, March 12, at 7.30. Admission free by ticket from Town Hall or Public Libraries in St. Pancras.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until March 9. The Marius Trilogy. (1) "Marius" (A) From March 10: Part 2: "Raimu in "Fanny" (A); Humphrey Jennings' "Diary For Timothy" (U)

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. March 9, 7.30, "Donne Senza Nome" (X).

CHINESE films: "Victory of the Chinese People," première at Conway Hall, W.C.1. Fri., March 14, 7.30. Tkts. 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s. 6d., fr. Britain-China F'ship Assoc., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2 (s.a.e. please). Tel: AMB. 1431-2.

DONETS Miners": Première of great Soviet colour film. 7.30, March 24, Scala Theatre. Tickets: 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 7s. 6d., from Edt. Cttee., B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. (CLE. 4161.) Cash and stamped, addressed envelope with order.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Mar. 11, 7.45 p.m. First showing of Czechoslovak feature film "The Dam." Members only. Adm. free. Silver collection.

LONDON Opera Guild—Vocal Director: Hans Nachod. Popular Concert (including Grand Opera and Operetta), 8.15 p.m., March 13, Salle Erard, 18 St. Marlborough St., W.1. Adm. 3s. at door or from Secretary, 256 Kew Rd., Richmond, Surrey.

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Royal Albert Hall, Wed., Mar. 12, at 8. Concert Suite Idomeneo (Mozart-Busoni), Symphony No. 6 (Pastoral), (Beethoven), Violin Concerto No. 1 (Prokofiev), The Fountains of Rome (Respighi). Szigeti, Vittorio Gui. Tickets 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., at Hall (Ken. 8212) and usual Agents.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Mon., April 7, 7.30. The Society for Twentieth Century Music presents: Trefor Jones, Margaret Kitchin, Frederick Thurston, Lionel Solomon, James Macgillivray and The New London String Quartet in works by Roman Palester, P. Racine Fricker (world première), Aaron Copland and Peter Warlock. Tkts. 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents and Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

DAVID Oistrakh in Beethoven's Violin Concerto. Tape-recording recital, Fri., Mar. 14, 7.45, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1s. (Students 6d.).

HUNGARIAN National Day Celebration (Social & Dance). Max Morris on Historical Significance; R. D. Smith (reading Imre Petofi, national poet); Hungarian Music on gramophone records; Dancing; at Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. March 16, 7-11 p.m. Adm., incl. refrmnts., B.H.F.S. mems. 2s. 6d., visitors 3s. Tkts. from British Hungarian Friendship Society, c/o Hungarian Club, or at door.

DANCE org. by Younger Friends Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, De Vere Hotel, Kensington, March 22, 7.30 to 12. Buffet, Entertainment, Tombola, etc. Mems. & Friends, incl. dance 17s. 6d. Proceeds for Food Parcels. Enq. Organiser, Miss Adèle Brodetsky, Flat 32, Princes Ct., Brompton Rd., S.W.3.

LONDON Jazz Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1. Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 3s., guests 4s.

SUNDAY, March 9, at 8 p.m. Make new friends at International Youth Centre Social, 11 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3. 2s.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sat., Mar. 8, from 7.30 to 11 p.m. Dance. Ted Macs Band (TU. Adm., Members 2s. 6d., Friends 3s. 6d. (inc. refs.). Licensed bar, mems. only.

I.C.I. Dance, Sat., 8.3-12, 7.30-11.30. Chenil Galleries, Chelsea. Adm. 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

NICOLAS de Staël. First Exhibition in England of paintings and drawings at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1, until March 15.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Works by Peter Lanyon, and Italian Contemporary Paintings.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Four Young Artists, Michael Andrews, Susannah Bott, Barbara Braithwaite, Anne Rees-Mogg.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Marquet Drawings. Daily, 10-5. Sats. 10-12.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. Select Paintings, old and modern, under 25gns. And Display of Art Books.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Theodore Garman; Watercolours by William Gaunt and Paul Piech. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

I.F.A., 45 Park Lane, W.1. Sculpture Exhibition, Mar. 5-31. Wkdays, 10 a.m.-7 p.m. Sundays, 2-7 p.m. Adm. 1s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 75th Birthday Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings (1893-1951) by Alfred Wolmark. Mon-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Extd. to Mar. 9.

HIROSHIGE. Arts Council Exhibition of Colour Prints and Drawings. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till March 15, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

HANDMADE Pottery by Studio potters in Great Britain, from Feb. 13 to March 13, at Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. 1st Exh. in England of American painter, Walter Stuempfig. Also recent paintings by Edward Wright. Until Mar. 15.

FRENCH Drawings from Fouquet to Gauguin. The Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 16. Mon., Tues., Thurs., Sat. 10-6, Wed., Fri. 10-8, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s. Last wks.

PHOTOGRAPHS from Life Magazine, 15 years of World History in pictures. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. 10-6 p.m. Daily inc. Sat. Sun. 2-6 p.m.

ARTISTS House Exhibition. From Abstract Art to New Realism. Works by Peri. Manette St. (Charing Cross Rd.), 11-6 daily incl. Sat. until April 4.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. James Ward and Romantic Paintings of his Period.

WOMEN'S Institutes Exhibition of Handicrafts at Victoria and Albert Museum, March 13-26. Daily 10-5.45. Sundays 2.30-5.45. Entrance 2s. 6d.

TOYS, Children's Books and Paintings from U.S.S.R.; Exhibition, Mar. 11-22 (weekdays 10-8.30), College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq. W.C.1. Children's films or lectures daily. Adm. 1s., children 6d., school parties free. Partics. from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. (WEStern 1571.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

RT. Hon. Herbert Morrison, C.H., M.P., speaks at Mays Labour Meeting, Sunday, March 9, at 7.30 p.m., Porchester Theatre, Queensway, W.2 (near Bayswater and Royal Oak Underground Stations). All welcome. Reserved seats 1s. Auspices: North Paddington Labour Party.

CHINA: Britain's Policy. Speakers: Harold Davies, M.P., and Peter Townsend, 10 years in China with Friends' Ambulance Unit. Tues., March 18, 7.45 p.m. Ealing Town Hall, W.5.

JAMES Callaghan, M.P., on the Tory Budget. Institute, Central Square, N.W.11, Friday, March 14, at 8 p.m. Admission free. S. Hendon Labour Party.

GERMAN Rearmament: a Conference with E. Elwyn Jones, M.P., and Rt. Hon. Hector McNeill, M.P. March 25, 7.30 p.m., Livingstone Hall, Tothill St., Westminster. Tickets 2s. from Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

ANGLO-U.S. Relations: A Conference with Barbara Castle, M.P., and Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P., on Sat., March 8, 2.30 at Beaver Hall, E.C.4. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Fabian Internat. Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. (Tea available at meeting.)

HAROLD Wilson on the Budget: Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, W.C.2, 7.30 p.m., Friday, March 14. Tickets 2s. from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

D. N. PRITT, Esq., Q.C., on "Colonial Problems." Mar. 19, 7.30 p.m. Excellent buffet. 5s. 1 min. Ox. Circ. Tickets and enqs.: Hon. Treasurer, London Youth Forum, 9 Blackstone Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 3784.

"WHY a State Church?" Public Meeting organised by National Secular Society, 7.15 p.m., Thurs., March 13, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. J. W. Barker (Chairman), H. J. Blackham, L. Ebury, P. Victor Martis, F. A. Ridley will speak. Questions and discussion. Admission free.

RT. Hon. Selwyn Lloyd speaks on "The Sixth General Assembly," Central Hall, Westminster, March 12, 6.30. Adm. 1s. 6d. at door. United Nations Association.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"BURMA Today," Speaker: U. Maung Maung. Chair: Dorothy Woodman. Tu., March 11, 6.45 p.m. Hope House, Gt. Peter St., London, S.W.1. Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., S.W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. March 15 at 6 p.m. Mr. S. P. van der Schoot: "Holland To-day."

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., March 13, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in French by Théo Fleischman, Dir. of Belgian Broadcasting. Subject: "Promenade à Waterloo." Adm. Free.

"ANGLO-American Relations"—London Conference, Sat., March 15. Introductory speakers: Dingle Foot, John Strachey, M.P., Harold Wilson, M.P. Chair: Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Fee 5s. Apply Nat. Peace Council, 144 Southampton Row, W.C.1.

D. N. PRITT, Q.C., will discuss "The Constitution and The Citizen." Chair: Sidney Cole. Polish Cultural Inst., 81 Portland Place, W.1. Thurs., Mar. 13, 7.45.

"BRITAIN—Bridge or Battlefield." Rev. Dr. Donald Soper, Emrys Hughes, M.P., Dr. Alex Comfort, Dr. Hugenholtz, Stuart Morris, Chairman, Sybil Morrison. Central Hall, Westminster, Fri., March 21, 7.30. Buffet from 6.30. Adm. free. Some res. seats. Apply Organiser, Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 5501, or Cent. Hall.

S.P.G.B. organise a Public Forum on "Objections to Socialism." The platform: C. May, A. Turner, E. Wilmott, at Conway Hall, Mon., March 10, 7.30. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

CHRISTOPHER Mayhew, M.P., on "The Socialist Foreign Policy" at the Kens.-Chelsea Fabian Societies' first Public Mtg., Chelsea Town Hall, Wed. March 12, 8 p.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Mar. 9, Professor J. C. Flugel, D.Sc., "The Problem of Humour." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Mar. 11, Hector Hawton, "The Art of the Detective Story." Admission free. Collection.

"WAYS of Soul Unfoldment." Mrs. Josephine Ransom. Sun., Mar. 9, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

"LAND Hunger in Kenya." Delegates of Kenya African Union, and Fenner Brockway, M.P., Leslie Hale, M.P., Harold Davies, M.P., Ethel Mannin, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., 7.15, Fri., March 7, arr. by Congress of Peoples against Imperialism.

PUBLIC Meeting: Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1, nr. Victoria Stn. "Anarchism, Bolshevism or Socialism?" Sun. Mar. 9, 7 p.m. Socialist Pty. of Gt. Brit.

CHRISTIAN Action Lunch-Hour Forum, Caxton Hall, Tues., March 11, 1.15: Derek Bond on "The Film in Modern Society." Buffet.

SEX Education Society. Mr. R. Wood will speak on "Some Recent Trends in Sexological Literature," at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, W.C., at 7.30 p.m., on March 10. On Monday, April 7, Mrs. Grace Stuart will speak on "Narcissus and Eros." Non-members 2s. admission. Inquiries with stamped add. envelope to Sec., 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. Wel. 7840.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Arts Forum. Archibald Ziegler (art), Barnet Litvinoff (literature), Bernard Jacob (music). Chairman: Charles Spencer. Sunday, Mar. 9, 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

"CHILDREN'S Films in U.S.S.R." Ivor Montagu at S.C.R. Exhibition, 2-3 Bloomsbury Sq. W.C.1. Thrs. Mar. 13, 7.30.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Wed., Mar. 12, 6.30 p.m. "Mysticism and Rationalism in Buddhist Thought," Dr. D. Friedman.

"THE Voice of Asia"—Asia and Britain. Harold Davies, M.P., Peter Townsend (recently returned from Pekin), Bernard Fonseca and other speakers. Thursday, March 13, 8 p.m. All Nations Club, Ltd., Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Age of Reason." At the Ethical Church, 4a, Inverness Place, W.2. March 9 at 11 a.m.

RAMAKRISHNA-Vedanta Centre (63 Cromwell Rd., S.W.7). Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Every Tues., 7.30 p.m. Meditation & Gita. Thurs., 7.30, Mar. 13, "Realisation of God." All welcome.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. March 9: "What is Freedom?"

TARBUT La'Am (Jewish Cultural Centre). Sunday, March 9, 8 p.m., "Colonisation & Defence in Israel"—Brigadier Yigal Allon. At 57 Eton Avenue, N.W.3.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Thurs., Mar. 13, 7.30 p.m. Informal discussion led by Mr. Stanley Forman, Manager Plato Films. Subject: Czechoslovak films.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

MARX Memorial Lecture, 1952. Emile Burns on "Marx and the British Labour Movement," St. Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, March 23, 7.30 p.m. Chairman: Andrew Rothstein. Admission 1s. Tickets at the door or from M.M.L., 37a Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1.

"EXPERIMENTS in Popular Science." A lecture will be given by Prof. A. M. Low, D.Sc., Ph.D., A.C.G.I., M.I.A.E., F.C.S., F.R.G.S., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Mar. 10, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. Discussion on "Education—A Training for the Future?" by Dr. A. L. James, Mr. B. H. Montgomery, M.A., Dr. John Lewis, Ph.D., Mr. Kenneth Lindsay. Thursday, March 20, 7.30 p.m. The Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec., WEL. 0136.

EVERY Nation Kneeling, World Congress of Faiths Service, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Friday, March 21, at 7.30 p.m. Conducted by Rev. Arthur Peacock, assisted by Dr. H. P. Shastri and John Rayner, B.A.

LUNCH Hour Talks—Caxton Hall, S.W., on Tuesdays at 1 p.m. Mar. 11: Integration of the Personality. Mar. 18: Matter, Mind and Spirit. Mar. 25: Freedom through Yoga. April 1: Questions and Answers.

INTERNATIONAL Women's Day—1952. Celebration following the National Assembly of Women, St. Pancras Town Hall, N.W.1, Sun., March 9, 7.30 p.m. Chairman: Monica Felton. Distinguished foreign visitors. Tickets 6d. obtainable from I.W.D. Committee, 174 Uxbridge Rd., W.12.

"WHAT should be our attitude to Communism?"—Address by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., at Sunday Service, March 9, at 11 a.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

3 LECTURES: Foresters Hall, Highgate Rd., N.W.5. 8 p.m., Wed., Mar. 12, "Tories v. Peace"—Claude Berridge; Wed., Mar. 19, "Britain—49th State"—Tom Ahern; Wed., Mar. 26, "The Path to Socialism"—John Moss. Adm. 6d. each lecture. Organised by Parliament Hill Fields Communist Party.

URCHFONT Manor. Residential Courses for Adults. April 14-20, "The Arts in America To-day." Survey of American Civilisation. May 19-21, "Life in Australia," for intending emigrants. May 23-25, "Home Furnishing To-day," for the general public in co-operation with Council of Industrial Design. June 30-July 6, "International Affairs." July 14-18, "The Pewsey Vale and the Wiltshire Downs." Country Houses, local history, literary associations. July 14-20, "Travels in Spain." July 25-31, "The Victorian Scene," through the eyes of six novelists. August 11-17 and 18-24, "The Family Fortnight." Children 8-14 housed and looked after in camp while parents have "cultural" holiday in the Manor. Details, full programme: The Warden (A), Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

LEARN to learn a foreign language! Prof. W. E. Collinson, Erika Wirtz (German tutor), & R. G. Faithfull (Italian tutor) will be at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon, for the week-end April 4-7 to help you make a start. Write for details or phone Checkendon 221.

ANGLO-German Summer Schools, Southampton, July 5-19, £12 10s., Frankfurt am Main, August 10-23, £30 incl. travel, payable England. Further details from WEA, 1 Cranbury Terrace, Southampton.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 22gns.; 21 days, 26gns.) covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. After paying for accommodation, meals, etc., spending money left out of your £25 currency allowance will be £16 for 14 days. Write for leaflet "1952 Summer Courses," Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

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POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams, etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE University of Durham Institute of Education announces a one-year course for experienced serving teachers of children under 12 years of age and for those training such teachers in Training Colleges, leading to the Institute's Diploma in the Education of Young Children. The next course will begin in September, 1952, and is recognized by the Ministry of Education for grants. Successful completion of the course qualifies the teacher for an additional increment of salary under the Burnham Report. Teachers who are accepted are required to make application to their Authority for one year's leave of absence. Further particulars may be obtained from the Director, Institute of Education, Kepier Terrace, Gilesgate, Durham.

DENMARK. College Physical Education, Fredensborg. Vacation Courses for Men and Women, August, 1952. Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming, etc. One-Year Course for Men. Write Principal.

THE Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics is now enrolling new students for September, 1952. Prospectus from the Director of Studies, Kingston, Edinburgh, 9.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. May. 4640.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. (Mrs. Whorwell.) BAY. 2816.

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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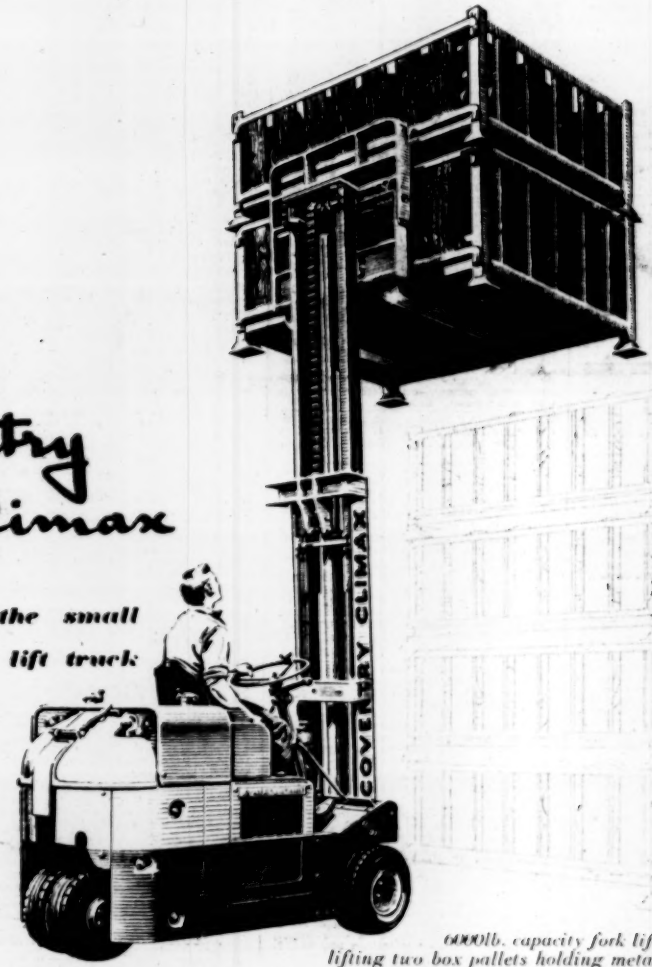

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1925. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.